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BOY COMICS

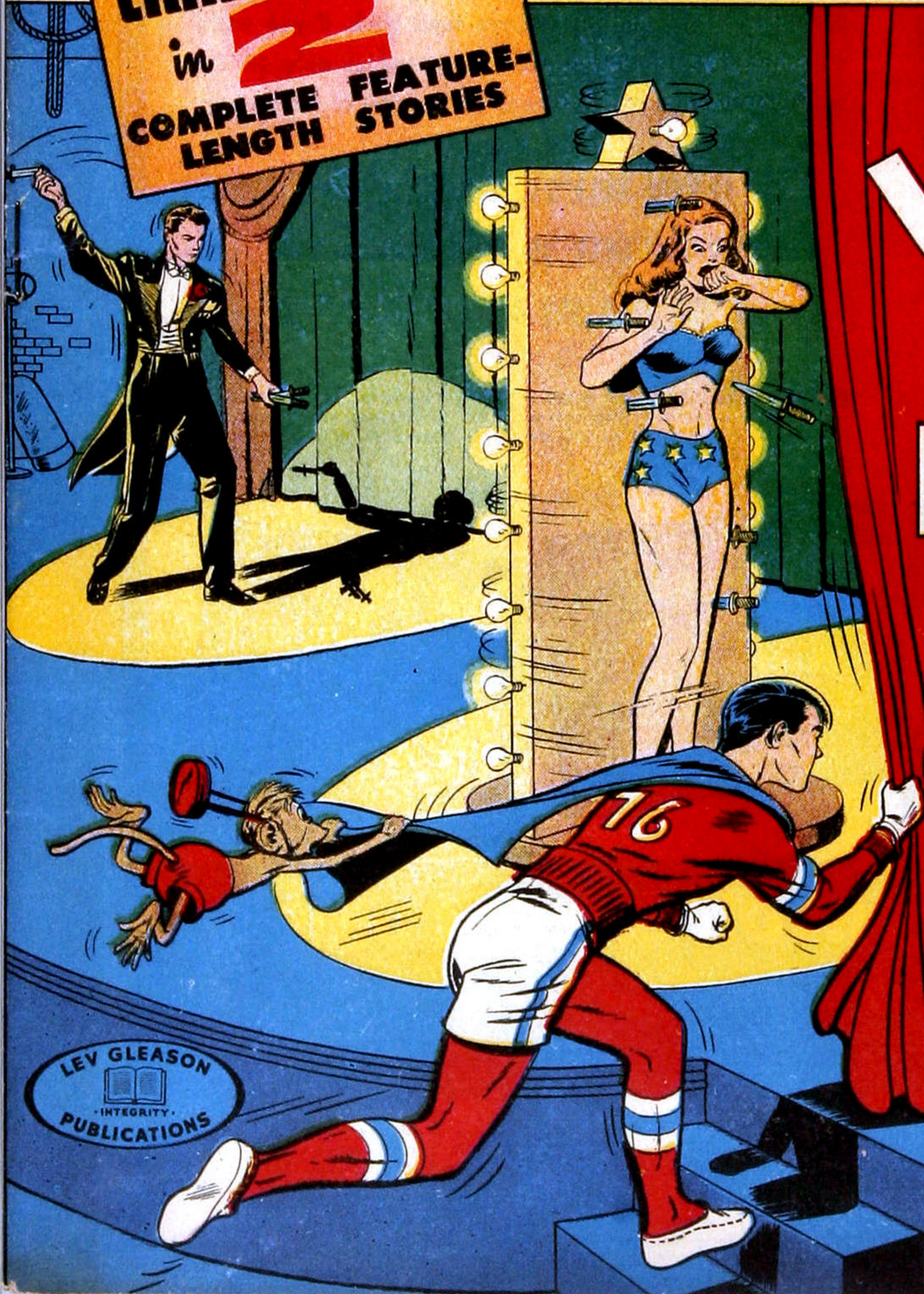
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**AUGUST
NO. 35**

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

CRIMEBUSTER
in **2**
COMPLETE LENGTH FEATURE-STORIES



WHO IS BEHIND THIS CURTAIN

?

**CHARLES
BIRO**

LEV GLEASON
PUBLICATIONS
INTEGRITY



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CRIMEBUSTER

SEE HOW IT BUBBLES, SISTERS! THE FINEST POISON OF THEM ALL...GREED AND HATE! HOW MANY SOULS WILL IT DESTROY? I SEE IT NOW—THE POISON CREEPING THROUGH OUR VICTIMS' VEINS, BLINDING THEM TO JUSTICE...CORRODING THEIR MINDS UNTIL AT LAST THEY LIE AND CHEAT... AND KILL!

story by
CHARLES BIRO

ARE CRIMINALS EGOMANIACS? THERE ARE NUMEROUS CRIMINAL TRAITS WELL KNOWN TO THE POLICE THAT PROVE THAT THEY ARE! FOR INSTANCE, POLICE FILES ARE JAMMED WITH RECORDS OF LAW BREAKERS WHO COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO BRAG ABOUT THEIR WANTON ACTS—AND OF THOSE CULPRITS WHO WENT BACK TO THE SCENE OF THEIR CRIMES. THEIR LACK OF CONCERN ABOUT THE POLICE AND DETECTIVES AGAIN INDICATES THEIR CONCEIT. THE STUPID CRIMINAL KNOWS LITTLE OR NOTHING ABOUT SCIENTIFIC POLICE PROCEDURE. THOSE WHO DO UNFAILINGLY UNDERESTIMATE THE EXTENT OF THE LAW'S ABILITY. CRIMINALS BLINDLY STUMBLE ON, MAKING THE SAME FUNDAMENTAL MISTAKE, THAT IS—BREAKING THE LAW. THERE ARE THREE SUCH KNOW-IT-ALLS IN THIS STORY.

Charles Biro

DRAWN BY
NORMAN MAURER



HE'S OFF ON ONE OF HIS MYSTERIOUS WALKS, AGAIN, CHESTER! HE REFUSES TO SAY WHERE HE GOES!

WHAT DO YOU CARE? WHAT TROUBLE CAN A MAN OF SEVENTY-THREE GET INTO?

EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF TROUBLE! IT WOULD BE JUST DANDY IF FATHER, SUDDENLY TOOK A NOTION TO HAND IT OVER TO A STRANGER WHO APPEALED TO HIS SYMPATHY!



YOU KNOW HOW HE IS - HE'S ALREADY GIVEN AWAY MILLIONS TO ALL SORTS OF CHARITIES AND GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT ELSE! IF WE DON'T KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, HE'D JUST AS LIKELY LEAVE US WITHOUT A CENT!



ALL RIGHT, EMILY, IF IT'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY, I'LL FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHERE HE GOES!



HMM... I SHOULD WONDER IF EMILY WAS RIGHT! HE'S UP TO SOMETHING!

HE WANT TO HUNT- LODGE?



WHY DOES HE GO FISHING OFF THE GROUNDS? HE KNOWS WE HAVE A LAKE STOCKED WITH TROUT RIGHT HERE!



HIYA, POP, I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU WEREN'T COMING TODAY! THE FISH ARE BITIN' SWELL! I PULLED IN FOUR ALREADY!

MOVE OVER, BOBBY, AND I'LL SHOW YOU SOME REAL FISHING!



THAT SURE IS A NICE ROD!

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT, BOBBY! YOU SHOULD SEE SOME OF THE OTHERS I'VE GOT - GUNS, TOO! A WHOLE ROOMFUL!



BOY, YOU SURE HAVE A LINE AS FANCY AS THE ONE YOU'RE FISHING WITH - BUT I WON'T BITE! ANYHOW, I LIKE YOU WHETHER YOU HAVE ONE ROD OR A DOZEN!

I GET IT! YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, DO YOU? I WISH I COULD SHOW THEM TO YOU!

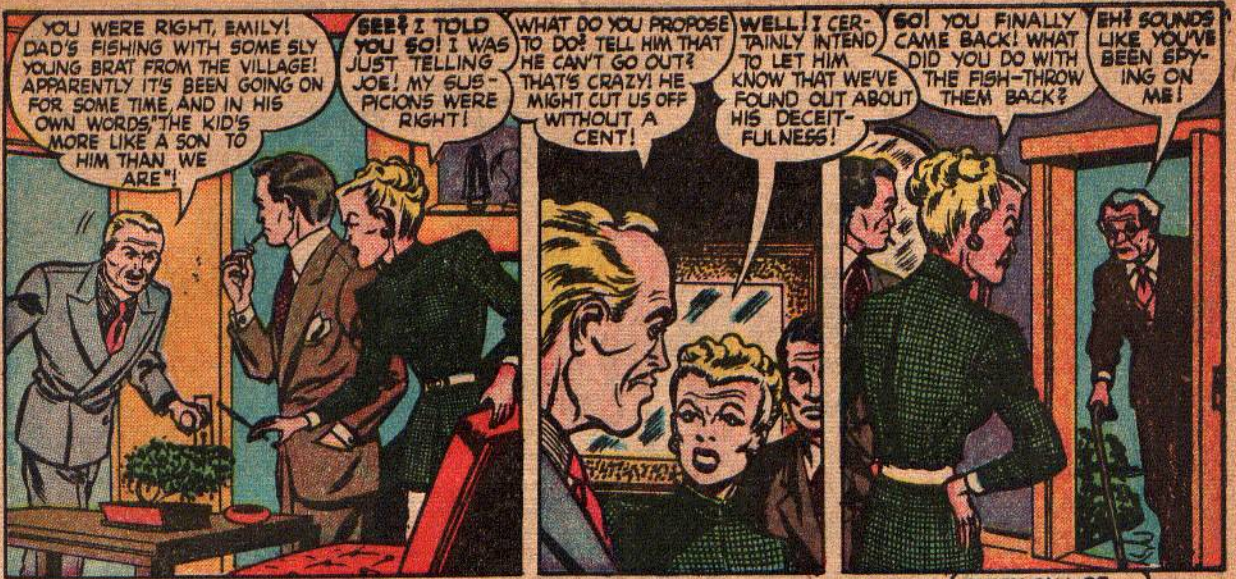


BUT WHY CAN'T YOU?

BECAUSE I DON'T WANT MY THREE CHILDREN TO KNOW THAT I MEET YOU TO GO FISHING! SURE AS ANYTHING THEY'D STOP ME FROM LEAVING THE HOUSE!

AW, STOP - IF YOU'RE THEIR FATHER, HOW COULD THEY? I CAN'T BOSS MY POP!

I'M SO OLD NOW THEY THINK THEY KNOW BETTER THAN I! I WISH THEY WERE LIKE YOU! YOU'RE MORE LIKE MY OWN SON THAN THEY ARE!



YOU WERE RIGHT, EMILY! DAD'S FIGHTING WITH SOME SLY YOUNG BRAT FROM THE VILLAGE! APPARENTLY IT'S BEEN GOING ON FOR SOME TIME, AND IN HIS OWN WORDS, "THE KID'S MORE LIKE A SON TO HIM THAN WE ARE!"

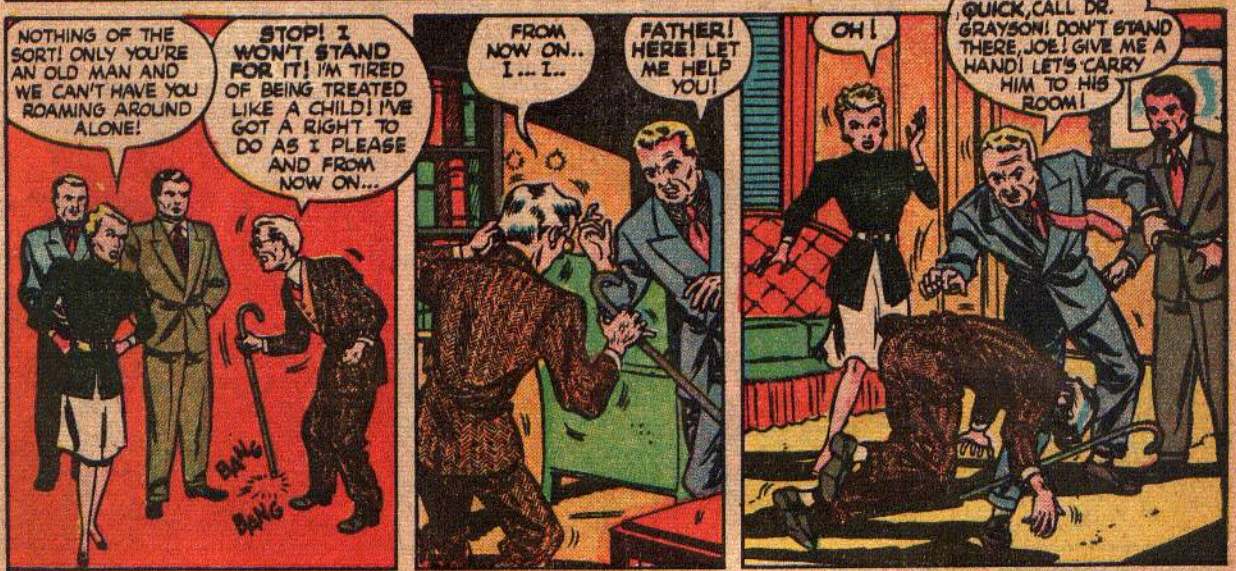
SEE? I TOLD YOU SO! I WAS JUST TELLING JOE! MY SUSPICIONS WERE RIGHT!

WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO? TELL HIM THAT HE CAN'T GO OUT? THAT'S CRAZY! HE MIGHT CUT US OFF WITHOUT A CENT!

WELL, I CERTAINLY INTEND TO LET HIM KNOW THAT WE'VE FOUND OUT ABOUT HIS DECEITFULNESS!

SO YOU FINALLY CAME BACK! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE FISH-THROW THEM BACK?

EH? SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN SPYING ON ME!



NOTHING OF THE SORT! ONLY YOU'RE AN OLD MAN AND WE CAN'T HAVE YOU ROAMING AROUND ALONE!

STOP! I WON'T STAND FOR IT! I'M TIRED OF BEING TREATED LIKE A CHILD! I'VE GOT A RIGHT TO DO AS I PLEASE AND FROM NOW ON...

FROM NOW ON... I... I...

FATHER! HERE! LET ME HELP YOU!

OH!

QUICK, CALL DR. GRAYSON! DON'T STAND THERE, JOE! GIVE ME A HAND! LET'S CARRY HIM TO HIS ROOM!



HOW IS THE POOR DEAR, DOCTOR? IT HAPPENED SO SUDDENLY!

HE'S HAD A SEVERE STROKE! AT HIS AGE NOT MUCH CAN BE DONE! FORTUNATELY IT HASN'T AFFECTED HIS VISION OR SPEECH!

HE MAY LIVE A WEEK OR HE MAY LIVE A YEAR, I CAN'T SAY! I'LL DROP IN AND SEE HIM TOMORROW!

POOR FATHER!



SEEING AS HOW HE WAS GETTING SO CHUMMY WITH THAT KID, MAYBE IT'S A GOOD THING THIS HAPPENED WHEN IT DID!

SHH! WATCH WHAT YOU SAY! THE SERVANTS MIGHT OVER-HEAR!

HURRY UP JOE! WE'VE GOT A BOARD MEETING TODAY!



MISS COLLINS, MR. HORTON, YOUR FATHER'S LAWYER IS HERE TO SEE HIM! SHALL I SHOW HIM UPSTAIRS?

LAWYER? MR. HORTON! OH YES...ER...NO. I'LL SEE HIM FIRST!



I'M AFRAID YOU CAN'T SEE FATHER TODAY, MR. HORTON! HE HAD A STROKE LAST NIGHT AND DR. GRAYGON SAID HE SHOULDN'T HAVE VISITORS!

DR. GRAYGON KNOWS ABOUT IT! AS A MATTER OF FACT YOUR FATHER ASKED HIM TO HAVE ME CALL! MAY I SEE HIM, PLEASE?



FATHER, MR. HORTON IS HERE, BUT ARE YOU SURE YOU FEEL STRONG ENOUGH TO TALK TO HIM!

CERTAINLY! THAT'S WHY I SENT FOR HIM! YOU RUN ALONG, EMILY! I WANT TO TALK TO HORTON ALONE!



DARN! I CAN'T HEAR THEM! IT'S ABOUT THE WILL - IT HAS TO BE! DARN! DARN! DARN IT!



HE'S CHANGING HIS WILL! HE MUST BE - WHAT ELSE? OH, I COULD SCREAM! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY - THE CELLAR!



WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS SOONER! NOW WHERE IS THAT VENTILATOR OUTLET?

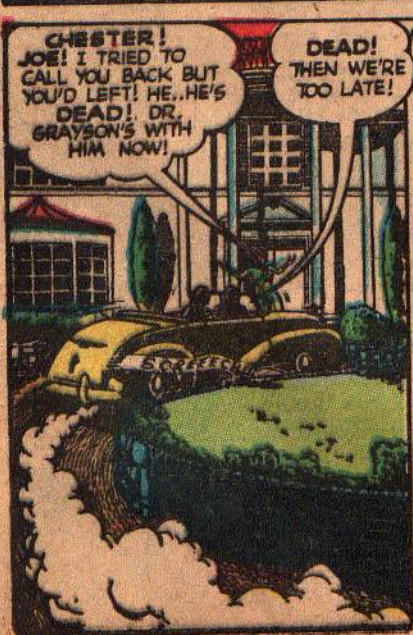
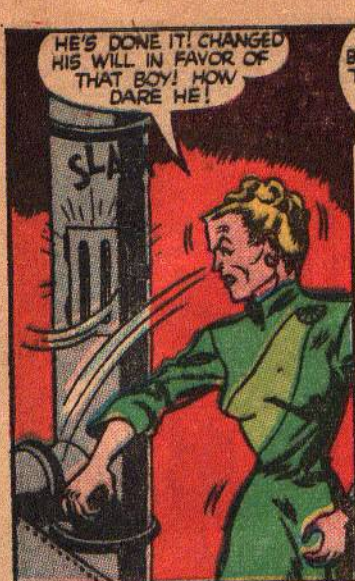


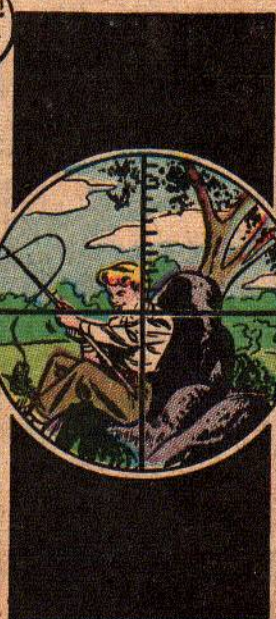
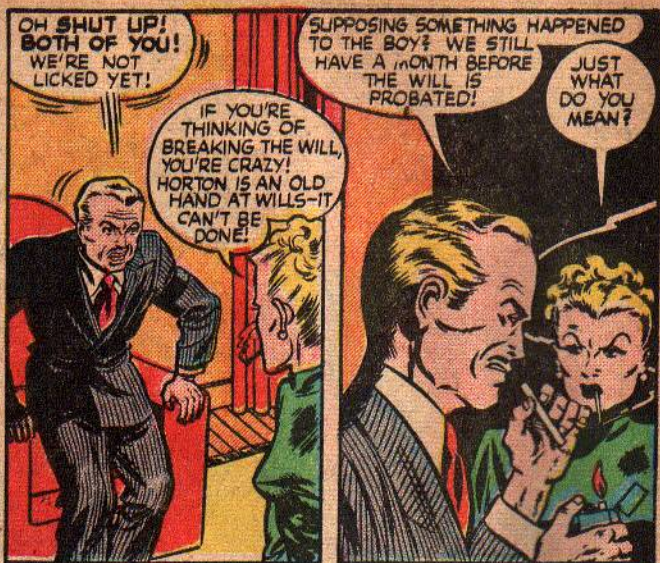
"...ALL OF WHICH I WILL AND BEQUEATH TO ROBERT KING OF CROWN VILLAGE..." IS THAT THE WAY YOU WISH THE WILL TO READ, MR. COLLINS?



YES, HE'S A FINE BOY! YOU'D LIKE HIM, HORTON!

I'LL CALL IN THE NURSE TO WITNESS YOUR SIGNATURE!









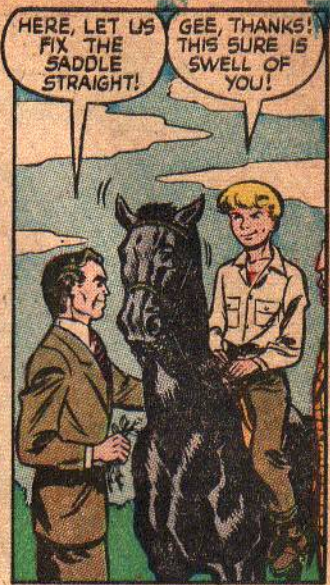
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE MY HORSE, RIGHT NOW?

GOSH! DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT? THINK I COULD? I NEVER RODE ANYTHING BUT OLD FARM HORSES! NO SADDLE, EVEN!



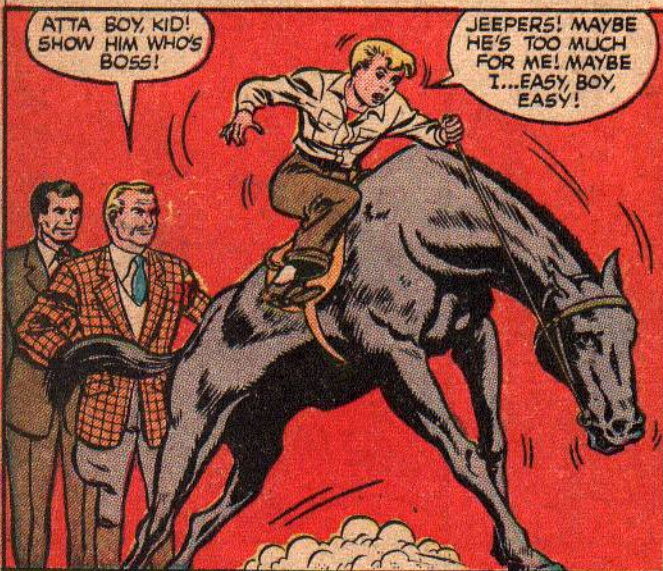
IT'S MUCH EASIER WITH A SADDLE! YOU'LL HAVE A FINE RIDE ON THIS HORSE!

HE'S PRETTY FRISKY, ISN'T HE? WHOA, BOY!



HERE, LET US FIX THE SADDLE STRAIGHT!

GEE, THANKS! THIS SURE IS SWELL OF YOU!



ATTA BOY, KID! SHOW HIM WHO'S BOSS!

JEEPERS! MAYBE HE'S TOO MUCH FOR ME! MAYBE I... EASY, BOY, EASY!



THIS HORSE IS CRAZY! HE WON'T OBEY!

DID YOU SEE THE MITTFUL OF BURRS I STUCK UNDER THE SADDLE?



IT'S A NATURAL! DEVILMAN WILL KILL HIM FOR CERTAIN, AND WE CAN'T BE BLAMED! HE ASKED FOR IT!

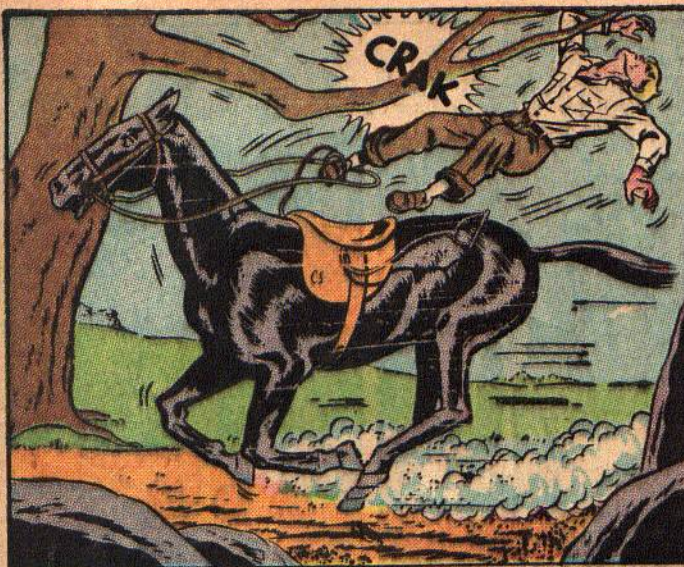


LET'S GET HOME! I WANT TO BE AROUND WHEN DEVILMAN GETS BACK! HE'LL HEAD FOR THE STABLE AFTER, HE FINISHES THE KID!

YEAH... AND I WOULDN'T WANT ANDY TO FIND THE BURRS UNDER THE SADDLE! I THINK WE'VE SUCCEEDED THIS TIME!



WHOA! STOP!



DEVILMAN! HE MUST'VE THROWN CHESTER! I'D BETTER...



CHESTER! YOU ALL RIGHT?

SURE! HE RAN OFF WHEN I DISMOUNTED! RUN ALONG, I'LL STABLE HIM MYSELF!



OWW...MY SHOULDER MUST BE BROKEN!



GEE, I HOPE THEY GOT THE HORSE BACK! S'POSE THEY BLAME ME FOR LOSING HIM! DARN THAT BRANCH! I'D HAVE BEEN OKAY EXCEPT FOR THAT!



BOBBY! WHAT HAPPENED? YOU'RE HURT!

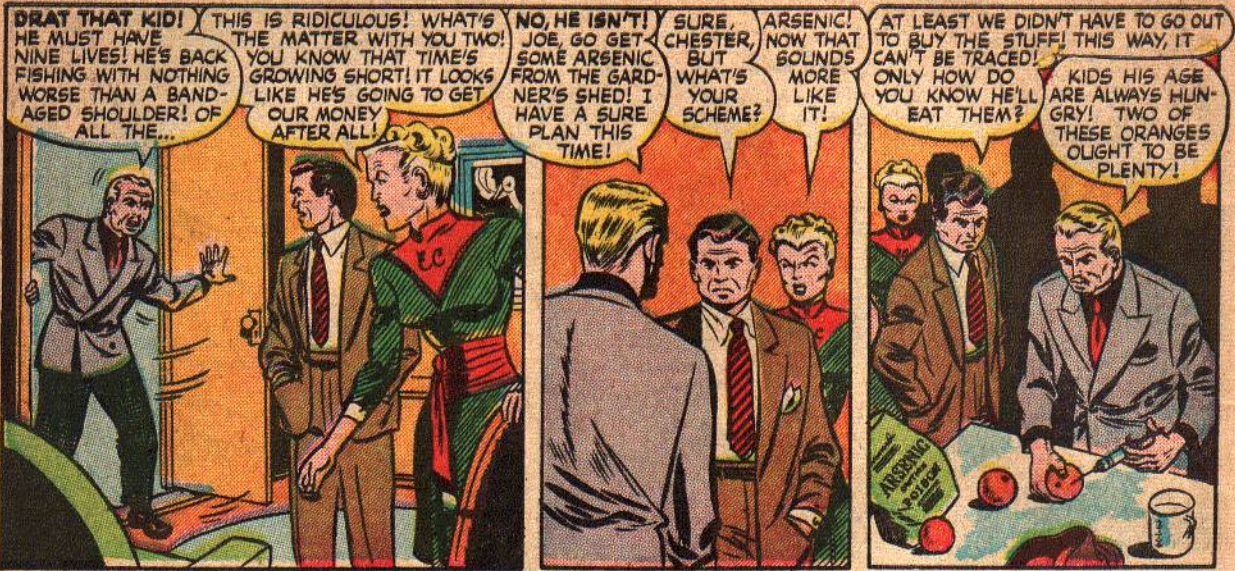
AWW--ONLY A LITTLE, MOM! I GOT THROWN OFF A HORSE! I THINK I BUSTED MY COLLAR BONE!



YOU'RE A LUCKY BOY! IF THAT BRANCH HAD CAUGHT YOU SQUARELY, IT WOULD HAVE BROKEN EVERY ONE OF YOUR RIBS! YOU'LL BE O.K., BOBBY!

IT WAS MY OWN FAULT! I HOPE I DON'T GET IN TROUBLE OVER THAT HORSE!

DON'T WORRY! HE'LL RUN HOME TO HIS OWN STABLE! IT'S YOU I WORRY ABOUT, BOBBY!



DRAT THAT KID! HE MUST HAVE NINE LIVES! HE'S BACK FISHING WITH NOTHING WORSE THAN A BAND-AGED SHOULDER! OF ALL THE...

THIS IS RIDICULOUS! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU TWO! YOU KNOW THAT TIME'S GROWING SHORT! IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO GET OUR MONEY AFTER ALL!

NO, HE ISN'T! JOE, GO GET SOME ARSENIC FROM THE GARDNER'S SHED! I HAVE A SURE PLAN THIS TIME!

SURE, CHESTER, BUT WHAT'S YOUR SCHEME?

ARSENIC! NOW THAT SOUNDS MORE LIKE IT!

AT LEAST WE DIDN'T HAVE TO GO OUT TO BUY THE STUFF! THIS WAY, IT CAN'T BE TRACED! ONLY HOW DO YOU KNOW HE'LL EAT THEM?

KIDS HIS AGE ARE ALWAYS HUNGRY! TWO OF THESE ORANGES OUGHT TO BE PLENTY!



BE CAREFUL ABOUT FINGERPRINTS!

DON'T WORRY! I WIPED THEM OFF! HERE GOES!



HEY! HEY, THERE! YOU DROPPED SOMETHING! THEY DIDN'T HEAR ME!



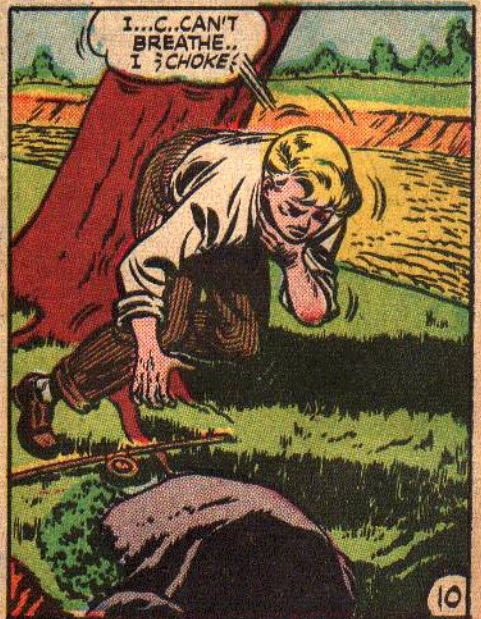
ONLY ORANGES! HECK, THEY'LL NEVER BOTHER TO COME BACK AND LOOK FOR THESE! HMM..THEY LOOK REAL GOOD!



BITTEREST ORANGES I EVER TASTED! FUNNY THEY LOOK SO NICE! YOU'D THINK...



S..SOMETHING'S WRONG...OHH,MY STOMACH! OHH...



I...C..CAN'T BREATHE.. I ?CHOKE?



IT'S A BOY! HEY, THERE! WHAT'S WRONG? YOU FOOLING OR...

HE'S IN PAIN! MAYBE HE WAS HIT BY A CAR! LET'S GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL QUICK!



INTERNE! BRING IN A STOMACH PUMP! THIS IS A POISON CASE! ..AND NOTIFY THE POLICE!



HERE'S A CASE THAT'S TAILOR MADE FOR YOU, CRIME-BUSTER-A FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY IS AT VALLEY HOSPITAL WITH A STOMACH FULL OF ARSENIC!

THAT'S A ROUGH WAY TO CHECK OUT! WHAT ELSE DO YOU HAVE ON HIM, LOOVER?



HE ATE SOME ORANGES THAT FELL FROM A PASSING CAR! CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF HIS STOMACH CONTENTS SHOWED ENOUGH POISON TO KILL THREE PEOPLE!

I'LL BEAT IT RIGHT DOWN THERE! C'MON, SQUEEKS!



I'M SURE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, CRIMEBUSTER! I JUST HAPPENED TO BE THERE AND FOUND THE DARN ORANGES! I GUESS I'M JUST JINXED!

JINXED? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BOBBY?



OH, JUST A STREAK OF BAD LUCK! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO TELL MOM! SHE'D WORRY! IT STARTED TWO WEEKS AGO...



...AND NOW THIS BUSINESS OF THE POISONED ORANGES! BUT GOSH.. THAT DOESN'T MAKE A CASE FOR YOU! EACH THING WAS ACCIDENTAL!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT! TELL ME, COULD YOU DESCRIBE THE CAR?



I DIDN'T SEE THE LICENSE... BUT IT WAS A SLICK, BRAND NEW YELLOW CONVERTIBLE! I THINK I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE BUT I'M NOT SURE!

THANKS A LOT, BOBBY! NOW TAKE IT EASY LIKE A GOOD GUY! I'LL DROP IN FOR A HELLO TOMORROW!

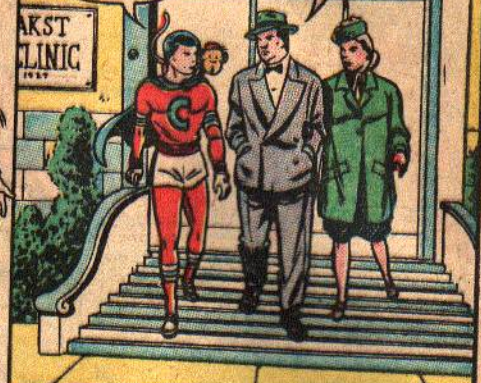
THE BOYS CHANCES ARE SLIM! I HOPE YOU CAN SOLVE THIS MYSTERY! WHO COULD HAVE WANTED TO HARM A SWELL KID LIKE HIM? HERE'S THE BOY'S FATHER AND MOTHER! MAYBE THEY CAN GIVE YOU SOME MORE INFORMATION!

DOES YOUR SON HAVE ANY ENEMIES? ANY-ONE WHO MIGHT HAVE HAD A REASON TO POISON HIM?

OH, NO! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! WHO'D WANT TO HURT A GOOD BOY LIKE HIM?

PERHAPS IF YOU COULD TELL ME WHO SOME OF HIS FRIENDS ARE, IT MIGHT HELP! SOMETIMES BOYS CONFIDE MORE IN THEIR PALS!

THAT'S TRUE, BUT BOB STAYED BY HIMSELF PRETTY MUCH! HE LIKED TO HUNT AND FISH! IN FACT, NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, HIS BEST FRIEND WAS AN OLD MAN!



SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD LEAD! WHAT WAS HIS NAME—AND WHERE CAN I FIND HIM?

I DON'T KNOW! BOB NEVER CALLED HIM ANYTHING BUT "POP"! THEY USED TO FISH TOGETHER! THEN A FEW WEEKS AGO, THE OLD MAN STOPPED MEETING HIM!

DON'T WORRY! BOBBY WILL BE ALL BETTER SOON! I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO FIND OUT WHERE THOSE ORANGES CAME FROM! IF YOU HEAR OF ANYTHING THAT MIGHT BE USEFUL, CALL MR. LOOVER'S OFFICE!

HE HAD THREE ACCIDENTS IN A ROW! ANY ONE OF WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN ATTEMPTED MURDER! BUT WHAT COULD THE MOTIVE BE? ALL I CAN DO IS START WITH THE CLUES AND SEE WHAT THEY LEAD TO!



DO YOU KNOW ANYONE AROUND HERE THAT DRIVES A NEW YELLOW CONVERTIBLE?

IF YOU MEAN THE ONE THAT BELONGS TO CHESTER COLLINS, YES, THERE'S THEIR PLACE, ON THAT HILL!

HELLO! IS MR. COLLINS HOME?

NOPE! NOBODY'S HOME RIGHT NOW! CHESTER AND JOE COLLINS ARE IN THE CITY AND MISS COLLINS WON'T BE HOME FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS!

NICE CAR! IT'S THE FIRST MODEL I'VE SEEN! WHOSE IS IT?

THIS ONE'S CHESTER'S! HE WON'T LET NOBODY ELSE DRIVE IT, EITHER—NOT EVEN ME!





WHAT KIND OF A FELLOW IS THIS CHESTER?

HE AN' HIS BROTHER, JOE, ARE JUST ALIKE...A COUPLE OF SPOILED, GREEDY STUFFED SHIRTS! NOT A BIT LIKE THEIR FATHER WAS! HE WAS A REAL, FINE MAN! I REALLY MISS HIM!



OH, DID MR. COLLINS DIE?

SURE! DIDN'T YOU KNOW? JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO! HAD A STROKE, POOR MAN! I DON'T THINK ANY OF HIS KIDS CARED A HOOT! ALL THEY WANTED WAS HIS MONEY!



HEY, THERE! LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO MY POLISHING JOB!

OH, BY THE WAY, DO THE COLLINSES KEEP HORSES? HEY, SQUEEKS, YOU LITTLE APE! THAT'S NOT FUNNY! COME HERE, YOU, AND LOOK SORRY!



OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I'VE GOT LOTS OF TIME TO KILL! HORSES? YOU BET! THEY HAVE SIX! WHY NOT GO OVER AN' SEE 'EM? ANDY LIKES COMPANY! GETS TIRED OF TALKING TO HORSES ALL DAY!

THANKS, I WILL!



SAY, WASN'T ONE OF YOUR HORSES, A BLACK ONE, RUNNING UP THE ROAD WITHOUT A RIDER ABOUT A WEEK AGO?

THAT MUST'VE BEEN THE DAY DEVILMAN RAN AWAY FROM CHESTER! THAT'S NOT UNUSUAL FOR THAT NAG! THERE HE IS!



AS IT TURNED OUT, CHESTER HAD DISMOUNTED, AND THEN DEVILMAN BROKE LOOSE! HE'S SUCH A MEAN HORSE, I THOUGHT HE'D FINALLY THROWN CHESTER! HE'S A KILLER HORSE... BAD CLEAN THROUGH!

HHMM... I SEE!



WELL, WELL, ARSENIC, TOO! LOOKS LIKE I'VE FOUND THE BASE OF OPERATIONS!



MR. HORTON, YOU'RE THE EXECUTOR OF MR. COLLINS' ESTATE! I KNOW IT'S MOST IRREGULAR TO ASK YOU TO DIVULGE INFORMATION ABOUT A WILL BEFORE IT'S MADE PUBLIC, BUT I HAVE A GOOD REASON TO ASK YOU TO!

I'M SORRY BUT I CAN'T DO IT!

BUT SURELY, YOU CAN AT LEAST TELL ME THIS MUCH... WAS THE NAME, ROBERT KING, MENTIONED IN THE WILL?

ROBERT KING! HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT?

WHY NO ONE KNEW THAT BUT MR. COLLINS AND MYSELF! HE DIED ALMOST IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE PAPERS WERE WITNESSED! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU KNEW!

I ONLY GUESSED! BUT SOMEHOW, SOMEBODY ELSE IN THE HOUSE ALSO KNEW IT! I HAVE TO FIND THAT PERSON!

HI, C.B., I HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YOU! THE KING BOY DIED THIS MORNING!

THE POOR KID! WELL, THERE'S ONE THING I CAN STILL DO FOR HIM, LOOVER! I'LL SEE THAT HIS MURDERERS PAY THE PENALTY!

ALL I HAVE RIGHT NOW IS CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE! I'M AFRAID IT MIGHT NOT HOLD UP IN COURT, BUT WITH YOUR HELP I THINK I CAN GET A CONFESSION!

NAME IT, C.B., AND IT'S YOURS!



I'LL NEED THREE FAKE ARREST WARRANTS! ONE FOR EACH OF THE COLLINSSES! WITH THEM, PLUS A COUPLE OF POLICEMEN, I THINK I CAN BLUFF A CONFESSION FROM ONE OF THEM!

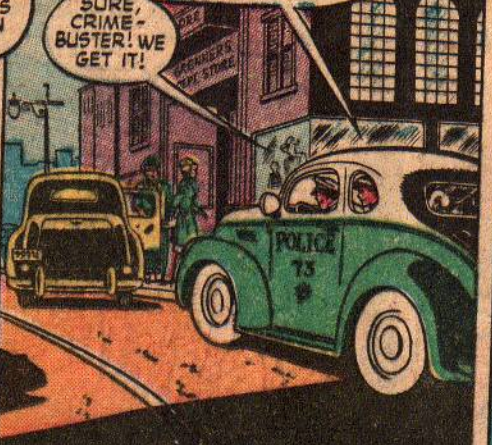
I PROMISED, SO I'LL DO IT! BUT IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG, WE'RE IN FOR A PACK OF TROUBLE!

I WANT YOU TO STAND WHERE SHE CAN SEE YOU, AND WHEN I TEAR UP THE PAPERS, COME BACK TO THE CAR AND WAIT FOR ME!

SURE, CRIME-BUSTER! WE GET IT!

MISS COLLINS, I BELIEVE! THIS PAPER IS FOR YOU!

PAPER? I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?



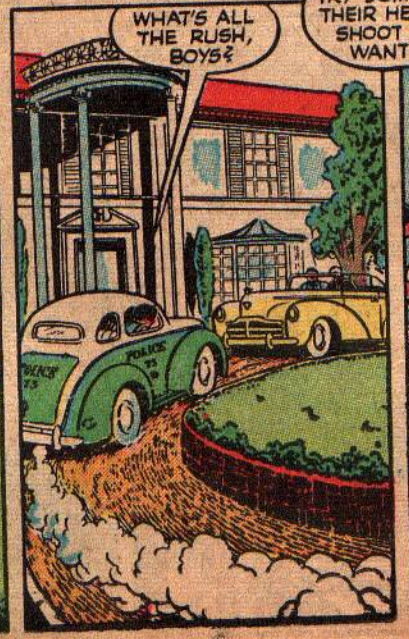
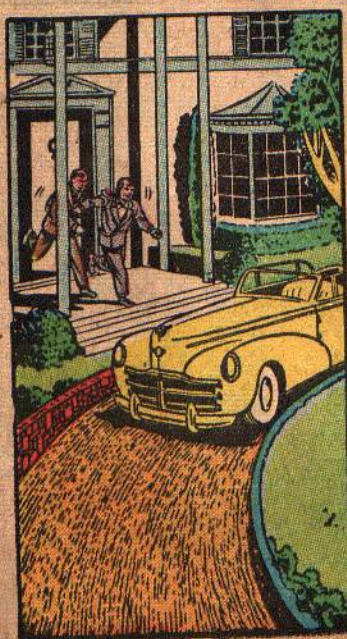
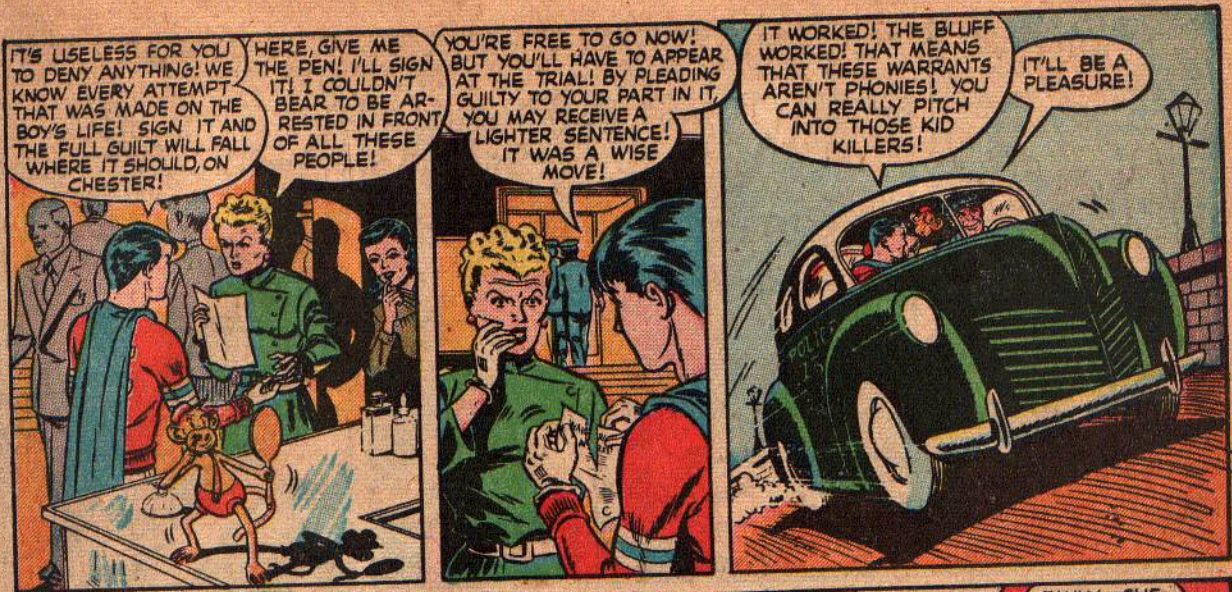
WHY, IT'S A WARRANT FOR MY ARREST... FOR MURDER! WHY, THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

DO YOU SEE THOSE POLICEMEN OVER THERE? THEY ARE HERE TO ARREST YOU, BUT YOU HAVE ONE CHANCE TO SAVE YOURSELF!

I'LL TEAR UP THE WARRANT IF YOU'LL SIGN THIS CONFESSION WHICH TURNS STATE'S EVIDENCE AGAINST YOUR BROTHERS—OTHERWISE, YOU'RE GOING TO PAY THE PENALTY FOR THE BOY'S MURDER, ALONE!

LET ME SEE THAT CONFESSION!







FAMOUS ECCENTRICS

CAPTAIN BLYE, PORTRAYED ON THE SCREEN IN ALL HIS CRUELTY BY CHARLES LAUGHTON, WAS A TRUE HISTORICAL CHARACTER, WHO WAS THE EMBODIMENT OF ALL THE ABUSES WHICH EXISTED ON THE HIGH SEAS. DURING HIS TIME, A SEAMAN WAS DIRTY, WHILE THE CAPTAIN WAS ABSOLUTE MASTER OF HIS VESSEL, WITH POWERS OF LIFE AND DEATH OVER HIS CREW. AMONG BLYE'S STRANGER WICKEDNESS WAS THE LASHING HE ONCE ADMINISTERED TO A DEAD SAILOR, BECAUSE THE RULES CALLED FOR A CAT-O-NINE-TAILS PUNISHMENT. THE FACT THAT THE OFFENDER WAS DEAD, DIDN'T STOP BLYE!

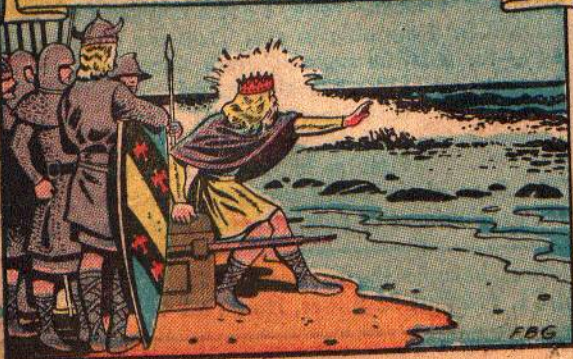
NEBUCHADNEZZAR, KING OF BABYLON, WAS A SAVAGE AND MERCILESS TYRANT. NOTHING OF THE ART OF TORTURE OR SLAUGHTER WAS A MYSTERY TO HIM. ONE OF THE MEN WHO REFUSED TO BOW UNTO THE MANIACAL DESPOT WAS THE PROPHET, DANIEL. NEBUCHADNEZZAR PROMPTLY CAST DANIEL INTO A LION'S DEN AND WAITED FOR HIS SADISTIC CRAVINGS TO BE SATISFIED. BUT DANIEL'S FAITH SAVED HIM. SHORTLY AFTER, NEBUCHADNEZZAR CONTRACTED A LOATHESOME DISEASE, LYCANTHROPY, FROM WHICH HE SUFFERED BERSERK MADNESS AND CANNIBALISM, ACCOMPANIED BY TORTUROUS HALLUCINATIONS THAT HE WAS A WOLF, AND FROM WHICH HE DIED A HORRIBLE DEATH!



VINCENT VAN GOGH, DUTCH PAINTER, WHO LIVED IN PARIS, WAS A MAN WHO LIVED VIOLENTLY AMONG HUNDREDS OF QUEER ACTS. DURING THE COURSE OF HIS ABNORMAL LIFETIME, PERHAPS THE MOST PECULIAR WAS HIS ASTOUNDING GESTURE OF LOVE FOR A WOMAN HE WANTED TO IMPRESS. "I'LL PROVE MY LOVE FOR YOU," HE SHOUTED, "BY CUTTING OFF MY EAR!" THEN IN FULL VIEW OF THE HORRIFIED WOMAN, HE SEIZED A BREAD KNIFE AND SLICED OFF HIS LEFT EAR!



KING CANUTE, MONARCH OF ENGLAND DURING THE MIDDLE AGES WAS SO VAIN AND AMBITIOUS A RULER THAT HE WAS NOT SATISFIED WITH HUMAN SUBJECTS. HE CRAVED A DOMINION OVER NATURE ITSELF. OBSESSED WITH THE IDEA THAT HE MUST BE KING OF EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD, HE COMMANDED THE WAVES OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. P.S. HE WAS RUDELY DISAPPOINTED!



PONCE DE LEON DISCOVERED FLORIDA IN 1513, AFTER HE SAILED FROM CUBA IN THE HOPE OF FINDING THE "FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH". THE CUBANS HAD TOLD THE OLD EXPLORER OF A WONDROUS LAND ACROSS THE OCEAN, WHICH BOASTED OF A MAGICAL FOUNTAIN, ONE DROP OF ITS WATER, THEY SAID, AND THE VENERABLE SPANIARD WOULD SHED FIFTY YEARS IN AN INSTANT. PONCE DE LEON NEVER FOUND HIS YOUTH, BUT HE FOUND THE LAND OF ETERNAL SUNSHINE!

THIS IS YOUR PAGE WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

\$2.00 FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED **\$2.00**

Dear Readers:

In every issue of BOY COMICS this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of BOY COMICS we have been guided by two ideals—first the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

I am a Wood Shop instructor here in Chicago. At every class I talk to and instruct my pupils on Woodcraft. They are all fine boys and a major reason they are is because of splendid publications such as BOY COMICS. I wish to extend my heartiest congratulations, Franklyn Knight, Chicago, Ill. *Your boys are in good hands.*

Our teacher caught us reading comic books. She said, "We shouldn't read them in school." But when she saw that they were BOY COMICS, CRIME DOES NOT PAY and DAREDEVIL she gave us a certain period to read them.

Catherine Senior
26 Delma Road, Dracut, Mass.

There'll be no cutting in that period!

I am an avid fan of your fine magazine. I do not think it should be changed in any way. In the speeded-up tempo of modern times the average American boy is more likely to get into trouble. Your magazine is one of the few books that actually have the morals and best interest of the American boy and girl at heart; morals in the sense that you illustrate that success and wealth cannot be had for nothing. Looking forward to every issue, I am,

Yours, Philip J. Prosser, B.M.
Willowcrest Road, Poland, O.

O.K. Doc., you can prescribe for us anytime.

What I would like to know is what is the number 16 on the back of CRIMEBUSTER's sweater mean?

Yours truly, Richard Spamer
677 Grandview Ave., Brooklyn 27, N. Y.

The number you refer to, Richard, is "76." It stands for freedom and democracy as it always will.

BOY COMICS isn't only swell, it's highly educational! I especially liked the story about Lank Falter in issue No. 32. It so truly shows the failings of our present educational system. I'm glad to read a magazine that is so avidly for youth—and against crime. It's BOY COMICS for me forever!

Sincerely yours, A. Standish
R. R. No. 1, Cross Village, Mich.

It's very gratifying to know that the point was understood. C.B.

In our club there are over 200 boys and girls and we voted for BOY COMICS as the best comics of the year and every year. As for myself, I never missed an issue and I never will. A loyal reader.

Ann Vena
221 E. Broadway, New York City

Two hundred thanks to your club members.

I became completely absorbed in the human characters and plot of your CRIMEBUSTER stories. I had quit reading most comic books because of their fantastic and impossible stories, but BOY COMICS is different and has "sold" me. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely, Chuck Lee
424 N. Broad St.
Globe, Ariz.

With pleasure, Chuck.

Our class has a library. When we first started it we asked our teacher if we could have CRIME, DAREDEVIL and BOY COMICS. She said, "Absolutely not!" Of course, she had never read them because she judged them by other comic books which glorify criminals and gangsters. One day I brought an issue of CRIME, BOY and DAREDEVIL to school and gave them to her to read. Much to my delight she enjoyed them and gave our class permission to have your three great magazines in our library. Now my teacher encourages us to read them.

A faithful reader,
Michael Skutar
1327 Drexel, Detroit 15, Mich.

We'd bring your teacher an apple, any time.

I am 18 years old, German, and try to understand democracy and the American world. I learn English from comic books. Today I got a copy of your BOY COMICS. I am able to say: "You are on the right way—for a lawful society!" Very sincerely,

Hans-Joachim Scharf
Gabelsbergerstr. 28
16 Frankfort on Main No. 14
Greater Hesse, U. S. Zone, Germany

The hope of the world which is Democracy, lies in the brotherhood of man. Cherish and guard it.

Letters should be limited to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc. Address all letters to BOY COMICS, 114 East 32 Street, New York 16, N. Y.

CRIMEBUSTER

story by
CHARLES BIRG

DRAWN BY DAN BARRY

TO MAKE A FRIEND, ONE MUST FIRST BE A FRIEND! BY OFFERING A CHEERFUL GREETING TO A STRANGER, HE WILL IMMEDIATELY CEASE TO BE ONE! YOUR CORDIALITY WILL UNLOCK AND DISPEL ANY SUSPICIONS OR FEARS THAT HE MAY HAVE HAD ABOUT YOU. THE SOONER HE REALIZES THAT INSTEAD OF WANTING SOMETHING FROM HIM, YOU WANT TO GIVE, THE SOONER HE WILL BECOME INSTILLED WITH YOUR BROTHERLINESS! BY THEN—YOU HAVE MADE A FRIEND. IT IS UNHAPPILY TRUE THAT OCCASIONALLY YOU MAY STUMBLE ACROSS AN UNGRATEFUL ONE, WHO NEVER GIVES, BUT TAKES AND TAKES. YOU GIVE HIM AN INCH AND HE'LL TAKE YOUR ARM. THE MORE THAT YOU DO FOR HIM THE MORE HE WILL HATE YOU! HE WILL NEVER ALLOW YOU EVEN THE SLIGHTEST GRATITUDE. HE WILL FEEL THAT YOU COULD HAVE DONE MORE AND UNDER HIS BREATH HE WILL CALL YOU STINGY! THIS IS WHERE YOUR STRENGTH OF CHARACTER WILL MEET ITS TEST. THE BROAD MINDED PERSON WILL NOT DISGUSTEDLY LET THIS INGRACIOUS SCOUNDREL DISCOURAGE HIM FROM THIS HEAVENLY PHILOSOPHY, AS DID ARTURO RADOR IN THE STORY THAT FOLLOWS. *Charles Birg*



WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, LOOVER? WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH A MINIATURE OF A STAGE?

I USED IT IN THE EARLY PART OF THE KNIFE THROWER CASE! IT PROVED BEYOND ANY SHADOW OF DOUBT THAT RADOR KILLED HIS WIFE IN COLD BLOOD! LOOK, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW!



ARTURO RADOR'S WIFE WAS HERE WITH THE SPOTLIGHT ON HER! THE KNIFE ENTERED HER HEART IN SUCH A WAY THAT IT HAD TO BE THROWN FROM WHERE HE STOOD!



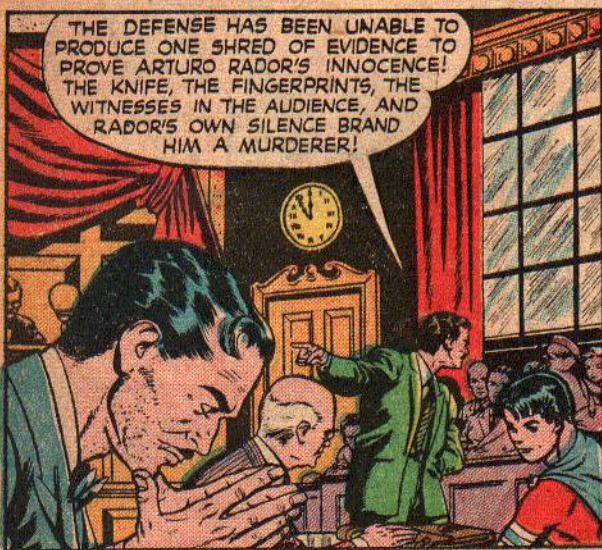
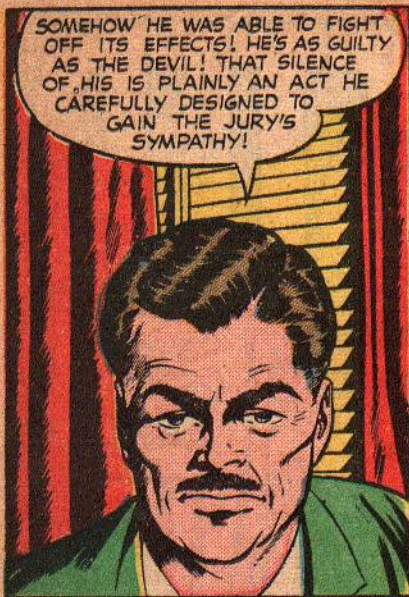
THIS SIDE OF THE SET IS A SOLID WALL WITH NO OPENINGS! NO ONE ENTERED THE WINGS ON THIS SIDE, AND TO CLINCH IT, THE KNIFE WAS ONE OF THE SET OF NINE ARTURO WAS USING!



WHAT DID HE HAVE TO SAY IN HIS OWN BEHALF?

NOT A WORD—NOT ONE SINGLE WORD ALL THROUGH THE TRIAL—EVEN HIS OWN LAWYER TRIED USING THAT NEW "TRUTH" SERLIM THAT THE ARMY USED FOR ENEMY INTERROGATION!





MOTIVE! WHY, IT'S AS PLAIN AS THE NOSE ON YOUR FACE--HE SIMPLY STOPPED LOVING HIS WIFE AND WANTED HER OUT OF THE WAY! IF YOU'RE SUBTLY SUGGESTING FURTHER INVESTIGATION, THE ANSWER IS NO--A BIG NO!

HOW'D YOU GUESS?

HOWEVER, IF YOU WANT TO WASTE YOUR TIME, I CAN'T STOP YOU! BUT I'M WARNING YOU, C.B., THE BEST YOU CAN HOPE FOR IS DELAYING JUSTICE AND ADDING TO THE TAXPAYER'S EXPENSE!

VERY NOBLY PUT, LOOVER, BUT I'LL TAKE THAT GAMBLE!

MARCUS WAS ARTURO'S AGENT! HIS TESTIMONY WASN'T VERY REVEALING, BUT MAYBE WITH SOME CAREFUL PRODDING HIS MEMORY MAY DIG A LITTLE DEEPER!

NOPE! CAN'T USE YOU! ANIMAL ACTS ARE AS DEAD AS DOOR NAILS!

WHOA! I'M NOT HERE FOR A JOB! I CAME TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT ARTURO RADOR!

OH, THAT POOR SOUL! WHO ARE YOU, SONNY?

I'M FROM LOOVER'S OFFICE! I UNDERSTAND YOU ARE A GOOD FRIEND OF ARTURO'S, AND BEING HIS AGENT, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HELP ME CLEAR UP A FEW HAZY FACTS! ONE-- COULD HE HAVE ACCIDENTALLY MISSED THE THROW?

NOT ARTURO, HE IS ALMOST AS GOOD AS HIS CRIPPLED BROTHER, SANDERS, WHO TAUGHT HIM THE ACT! OF COURSE, THERE'S A MARGIN FOR ERROR, BUT NOT SUCH A WIDE ONE! HE COULD NEVER HAVE MISSED HIS MARK BY TEN INCHES!

HOW LONG HAD YOU BEEN BOOKING THEM AS A TEAM?

ABOUT TWO YEARS! ARTURO AND ROSE WAS A GOOD TEAM! THEY WORKED WELL TOGETHER UNTIL ABOUT A MONTH BEFORE THE TRAGEDY-- RIGHT AFTER THEY GOT MARRIED-- THEIR ACT WENT SOUR! THIS WHOLE BUSINESS IS TOUGH ON HIS BROTHER! ARTURO WAS HIS SOLE SUPPORT!

FROM WHAT YOU SAY, I GATHER THAT SANDERS DID THE ACT BEFORE HE BECAME DISABLED! WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

OH, ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO HE CAUGHT SOME KIND OF A NERVE DISEASE-- THAT'S WHEN HE BROKE ARTURO INTO THE ACT! HE CAN BARELY LIFT A CIGARETTE TODAY-- BUT IN HIS PRIME HE WAS WONDERFUL! BETTER EVEN THAN ARTURO! HE TRAINED ARTURO PERSONALLY!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A GREAT ACT IN ITS PRIME! WOULD YOU BE ABLE TO DESCRIBE IT TO ME IN DETAIL?

BETTER THAN THAT—I HAVE A PRINT OF A MOMENT SHORT OF THE WHOLE ACT! IT WAS PRODUCED IN HOLLYWOOD LAST YEAR BY CINEMA! I HAVEN'T GOT A PROJECTOR, OR I'D RUN IT OFF FOR YOU!

HOW THE DICKENS COULD YOU HAVE NEGLECTED TO MENTION THAT TO LOOVER? ANYWAY, IT'S BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!

I DON'T KNOW HOW I COULD HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT! IF YOU WANT TO TAKE IT WITH YOU, HELP YOURSELF!

THANKS A LOT, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'LL BE ABLE TO RETURN IT! INCIDENTALLY, MY NAME IS CRIME-BUSTER!

NICE KNOWING YOU! TAKE YOUR TIME! I HOPE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING FOR ARTURO—POOR DEVIL! I DON'T CARE WHAT THAT COURT SAID—I THINK HE LOVED ROSE TOO MUCH TO KILL HER!

THINGS ARE SURE COMING TO LIGHT—I'VE DISCOVERED THAT HE HAS A CRIPPLED BROTHER WHO WAS FORMERLY IN THE ACT! AND SINCE LAST MONTH WHEN ARTURO MARRIED HIS PARTNER, THE ACT TOOK A NOSE DIVE!

THINK HARD ABOUT THE NIGHT OF ROSE RADOR'S MURDER! YOU WERE ON THE DOOR! COULD ANYONE HAVE SLIPPED BY YOU—ANY OUTSIDERS, I MEAN!

OUTSIDERS? NO! I TOLD 'EM THAT AT THE TRIAL! THERE WASN'T NO ONE AROUND KEPT THE REGULARS!

REHEARSALS
MON. 1-3 PM
TUES. 2-5
NO ADDITIONS

WHAT ABOUT ARTURO'S BROTHER—WAS HE BACKSTAGE THAT NIGHT?

SANDERS? SURE, HE USED TO COME HERE EVERY NIGHT—THAT IS, EVERY TIME THEIR ACT WENT ON!

WHAT? HE WAS HERE? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL THAT TO THE COURT?

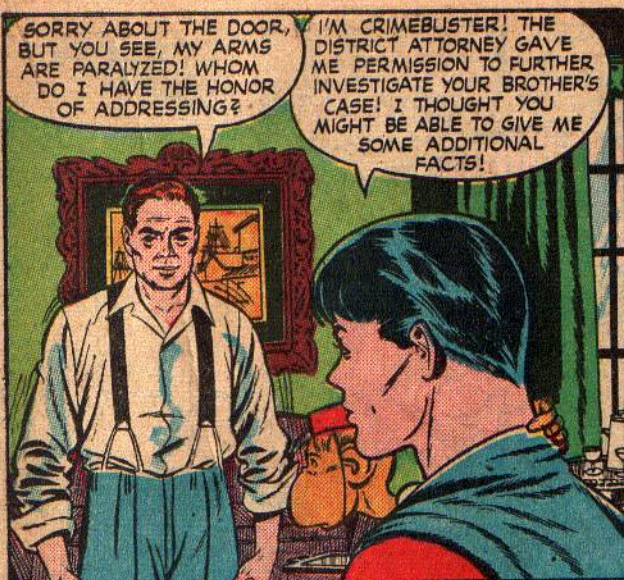
WHY SHOULD I? HE WASN'T A STRANGER! ANYHOW, WHAT COULD AN OLD CRIPPLE LIKE HIM DO? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, ANYWAY—ARTURO WAS CONVICTED FAIR AND SQUARE!

WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! IN ANY CASE IT CAN'T HURT TO MAKE SURE THAT THE LAW HAS THE RIGHT MAN! WHERE CAN I FIND SANDERS RADOR?

HE'S AT 121 FIRST AVENUE!

THE DOOR'S OPEN—COME IN!

SANDERS RADOR



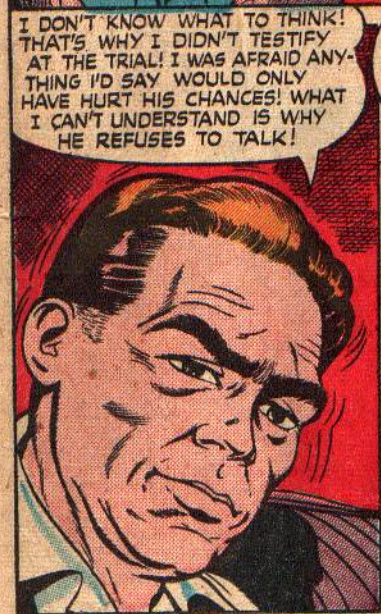
SORRY ABOUT THE DOOR, BUT YOU SEE, MY ARMS ARE PARALYZED! WHOM DO I HAVE THE HONOR OF ADDRESSING?

I'M CRIMEBUSTER! THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY GAVE ME PERMISSION TO FURTHER INVESTIGATE YOUR BROTHER'S CASE! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO GIVE ME SOME ADDITIONAL FACTS!



POOR ARTURO! HE MUSTN'T DIE! THERE MUST BE SOME EXPLANATION! IF ONLY HE WOULD TALK!

YOU WERE ONCE A PROFESSIONAL KNIFE THROWER YOURSELF! TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU THINK—IS HE REALLY GUILTY?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK! THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T TESTIFY AT THE TRIAL! I WAS AFRAID ANYTHING I'D SAY WOULD ONLY HAVE HURT HIS CHANCES! WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY HE REFUSES TO TALK!



THE ONE FLAWLESS AND MOST DAMAGING EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM WAS THAT KNIFE, THE ONE THAT ENTERED HER HEART—THE SIXTH KNIFE! IT SHOULD HAVE STRUCK JUST BEYOND THE LEFT HIP! HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE MADE AN ERROR LIKE THAT! WOULD YOU LIGHT A MATCH FOR ME?

SURE THING!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT FOR ME TO BELIEVE—THAT HIS MIND SNAPPED! HIS NERVES COULD HAVE BEEN BROKEN FROM THE STRAIN OF THROWING KNIVES AT ROSE!



THAT'S A FACT! HE SEEMED MORE NERVOUS IN THE ACT AFTER THEY WERE MARRIED! I'D WARNED HIM AGAINST MARRYING ROSE FOR JUST THAT REASON! I MUST HAVE HAD A PREMONITION!



IF ONLY I HAD NEVER TAUGHT HIM THE PROFESSION! AT FIRST I WAS PROUD WHEN HE TOOK OVER THE ACT! NOW I BLAME MYSELF!

DON'T GIVE UP HOPE! SOMETHING MAY STILL TURN UP! WELL, THANKS FOR YOUR TIME!



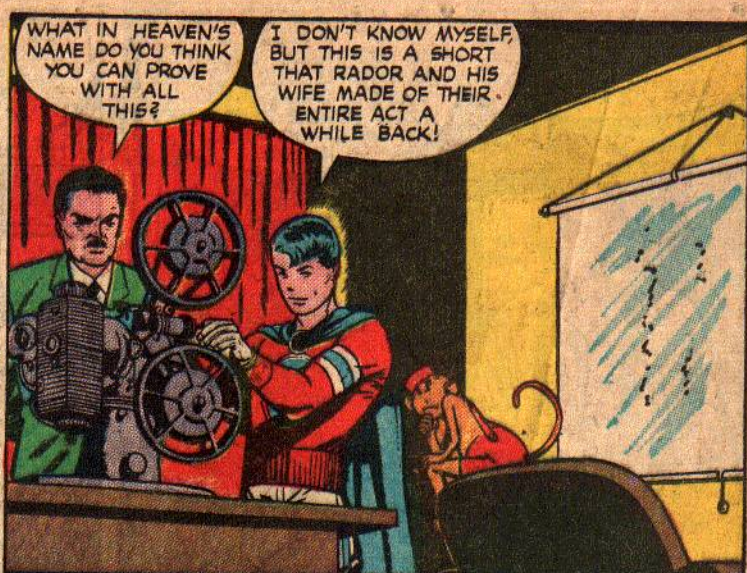
HI, C. B.! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING YOURSELF ALL WEEK? STILL ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE ON THAT KNIFE-ING CASE?

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'VE GOT A 35 MILLIMETER PROJECTOR, HAVEN'T YOU, LOOVER?



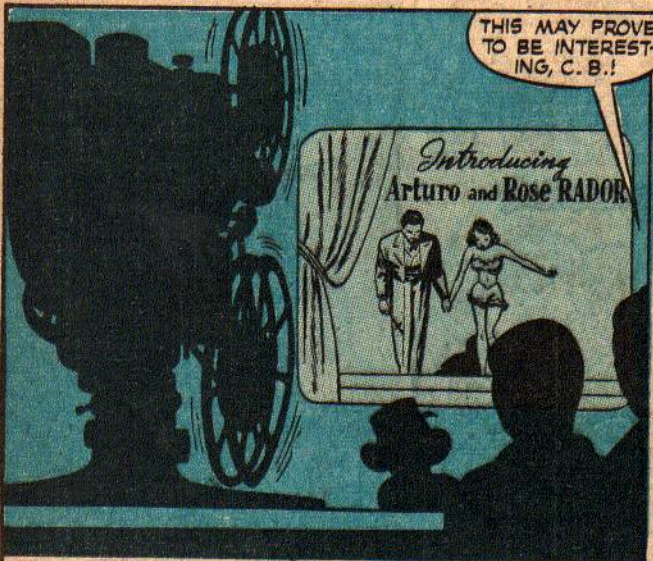
I'VE DUG UP SOME NEW EVIDENCE ON THE CASE! NOT ENOUGH TO RE-OPEN THE TRIAL—HOWEVER, I'D LIKE YOU TO SEE A REEL THAT I BORROWED FROM RADOR'S AGENT!

NOW WHAT'S ALL THIS NONSENSE, C.B.? I'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO!



WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME DO YOU THINK YOU CAN PROVE WITH ALL THIS?

I DON'T KNOW MYSELF, BUT THIS IS A SHORT THAT RADOR AND HIS WIFE MADE OF THEIR ENTIRE ACT A WHILE BACK!



THIS MAY PROVE TO BE INTERESTING, C. B.!



FOR PETE'S SAKE, WHERE'D YOU DIG THIS UP?

I TOLD YOU—ARTURO'S THEATRICAL AGENT! QUIET, LOOVER, LET'S STUDY THIS CAREFULLY!



THE NEXT ACT IS MOST DIFFICULT! IT REQUIRES THE GREATEST OF SKILL! MY LIFE DEPENDS ON SPLIT-SECOND TIMING! A MOMENT OF IN-DECISION, A SECOND OF DISTRACTION, AND THE KNIFE MIGHT MISS ITS MARK!



THIS IS IT—THE ACT WHERE HE KILLED HER! IF I'D ONLY HAD THIS PICTURE FOR THE TRIAL!



THE PLATFORM...IT REVOLVES!
WHY DIDN'T ANY OF THE
WITNESSES MENTION THAT?



YOU SEE, SOMEONE IN THE WINGS
OR THE FIRST BOXES MIGHT
HAVE THROWN THE KNIFE!



NOT SO FAST! YOU'RE FORGETTING,
C.B., THE KNIFE THAT KILLED HER
WAS ONE OF ARTURO'S SET-AND
HAD HIS FINGERPRINTS ON IT!



I ADMIT YOU DID SOME GREAT
DETECTIVE WORK TO DIG UP THIS
FACT-THAT IS, ABOUT THE REVOLV-
ING PLATFORM, BUT IT'S
NOT ENOUGH!

I HAVEN'T
FINISHED
YET!



I'VE DUG UP QUITE A FEW
FACTS NOT MENTIONED AT THE
TRIAL, BUT THEY WON'T WEIGH
A THING UNLESS I CAN GET
ARTURO TO TALK AND VERIFY
THEM! I'VE GOT AN IDEA
THAT I'LL TAKE UP
WITH YOU IN A
FEW DAYS!

I'M ALL FOR YOU, C.B.,
BUT DON'T FORGET,
HE'S EVEN GOT THE
PSYCHIATRISTS
STOPPED!



FOUR DAYS LATER IN LOOVER'S
OFFICE...

WHAT HAVE YOU
GOT FOR ME TO
SEE THIS
TIME, C.B.?

THE
RESULTS
OF FOUR
DAYS OF
SWEAT! WATCH
AND
LISTEN...



ARTIE...ARTIE, DARLING,
LISTEN TO ME...IT'S YOUR
WIFE...ROSE!

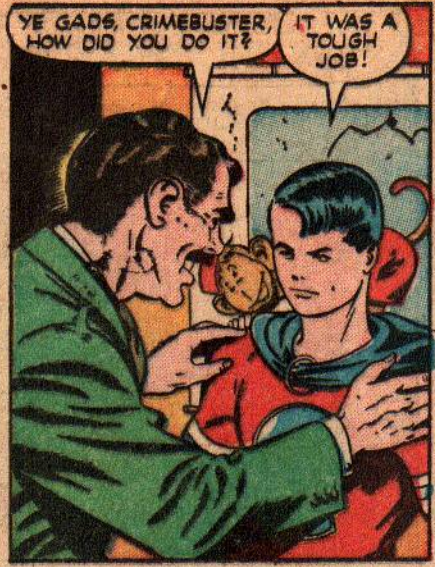


TELL THEM THE TRUTH, ARTIE! PLEASE,
DO IT FOR MY SAKE-MY HAPPINESS
IN THIS BEYOND DEPENDS UPON
YOUR REVEALING THE
TRUTH!





IF YOU DIE WITHOUT TELLING THE TRUTH, WE WILL BE SEPARATED FOR ETERNITY! TELL THE TRUTH, ARTIE! PROVE YOUR LOVE FOR ME! TELL THEM ALL! YOU MUST PROMISE!



YE GAD, CRIMEBUSTER, HOW DID YOU DO IT?

IT WAS A TOUGH JOB!



I WENT THROUGH FIFTY ACTRESSES BEFORE I COULD FIND ONE THAT COULD IMITATE MRS. RADOR'S VOICE! MY NEXT JOB WAS GETTING IT DUBBED IN! I GOT A FILM CUTTER TO DO IT!



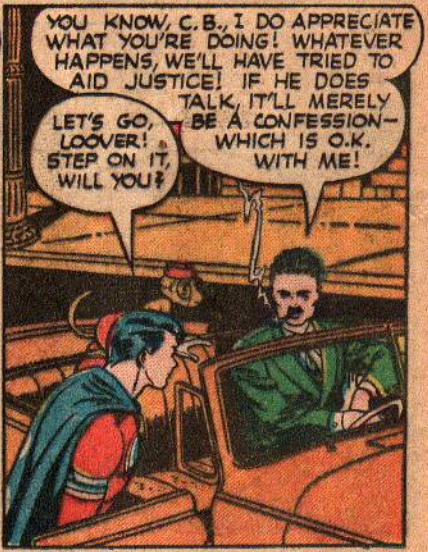
YOU DID A BANG-UP JOB! IT HAD ME FOOLED! NOW HOW DO YOU HOPE TO USE IT?

THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN! IF I CAN GET PERMISSION TO PROJECT THIS PICTURE ON THE WALL OF ARTURO'S CELL, IT MIGHT MAKE HIM SING!



THAT DOESN'T GIVE YOU MUCH TIME! HIS EXECUTION IS SET FOR MIDNIGHT TONIGHT! GRAB YOUR STUFF AND WE'LL GO TO THE PRISON AT ONCE!

I'VE GOT A STRONG HUNCH THAT THIS WILL DO IT!



YOU KNOW, C.B., I DO APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'RE DOING! WHATEVER HAPPENS, WE'LL HAVE TRIED TO AID JUSTICE! IF HE DOES TALK, IT'LL MERELY BE A CONFESSION—WHICH IS O.K. WITH ME!

LET'S GO, LOOVER! STEP ON IT, WILL YOU?



I'D STOP AT NOTHING, C.B., IF I THOUGHT THERE WAS THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE OF HIS INNOCENCE!

I KNEW YOU'D FEEL THAT WAY! HIS BROTHER, SANDERS, WAS BACKSTAGE AT THE TIME OF THE KILLING! IT WAS NEVER BROUGHT OUT AT THE TRIAL—AND HE WAS A KNIFE-THROWER!



IF THAT'S A FACT ABOUT HIS HAVING BEEN A KNIFE-THROWER, IT STILL WOULD MAKE LITTLE DIFFERENCE BECAUSE HE'S PARALYTIC! HE COULDN'T THROW A TOOTHPICK, LET ALONE, A KNIFE!

IN ANY CASE HE WAS BACKSTAGE AT THE TIME! THAT'S PROVEN! NOW LET'S SEE WHAT LUCK WE HAVE WITH THESE FILMS!



WARDEN, CRIMEBUSTER HAS A PLAN THAT MIGHT MAKE ARTURO RADOR TALK! IT WILL MEAN CLEARING THE CELL BLOCK FOR ABOUT AN HOUR, AND SOME STONE MASON WORK!

MY HAT'S OFF TO HIM IF HE CAN—HEAVEN KNOWS, I'VE TRIED!



IF HE GOES TO THE CHAIR IN SILENCE, WE MAY ALL HAVE IT ON OUR CONSCIENCE!

CRIMEBUSTER'S GOT ME IN DOUBT NOW—SO DO EVERYTHING YOU CAN FOR HIM—RADOR MUST TALK!



THANKS A LOT, LOOVER! IF ARTURO DOES CRACK, WHERE CAN I REACH YOU TO GIVE YOU THE RESULTS?

THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION! I'M HAVING DINNER WITH HIM TONIGHT!



TAKE THE PRISONERS IN CELL BLOCK SEVEN OUT TO THE EXERCISE YARD AT ONCE! KEEP THEM THERE UNTIL I GIVE YOU INSTRUCTIONS!

YESSIR!



THEY SURE BUILD THESE BLOCKS IN TO STAY! I'VE GOT A HANDFUL OF BLISTERS!

IT'S NEARLY LOOSE NOW!



WATCH IT! IT'S PRETTY HEAVY! ALL THAT'S LEFT TO DO NOW IS TO SUBSTITUTE THAT CAMOUFLAGED CARDBOARD BLOCK I MADE UP!



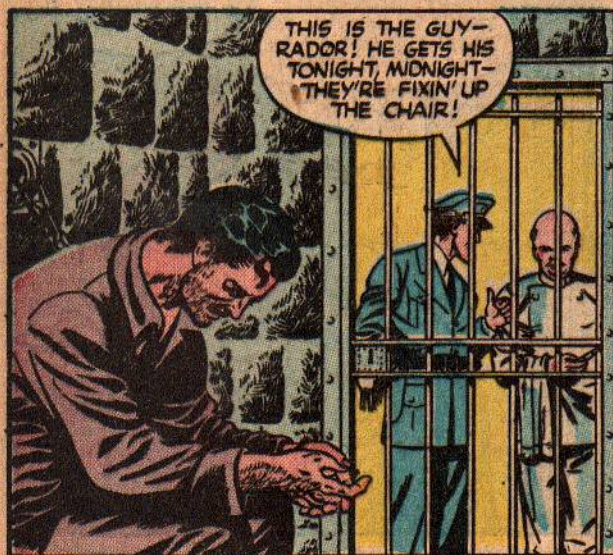
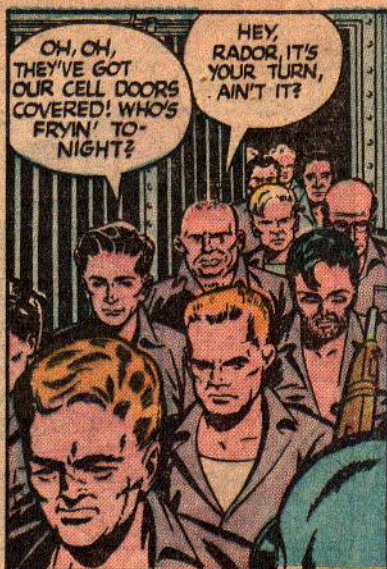
HERE—SAY, WHAT ARE THE TWO HOLES IN IT FOR? WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

YOU'LL KNOW WHY IN A MINUTE—ONE'S FOR ME AND THE OTHER IS FOR THE PROJECTOR LENS!



THAT'S THAT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THOSE TARPAILINS, GUARD?

BEFORE AN EXECUTION WE ALWAYS COVER THE CELL OF THE OTHER PRISONERS IN THE DEATH HOUSE SO THEY CAN'T SEE THE POOR SLOB WALK THE LAST MILE!







I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT MADE ME NERVOUS UNTIL I HAD THROWN FOUR KNIVES—THEN I FOUND OUT—ONE OF MY KNIVES WAS MISSING!



...BUT I KEPT ON BECAUSE I WASN'T SURE! I THOUGHT PERHAPS I HAD LEFT ONE BEHIND—THEN IT HAPPENED...



...WHEN THE PLATFORM CAME AROUND THIS TIME SHE HAD A KNIFE IN HER HEART—THE MISSING KNIFE...



I RUSHED TO THE PLATFORM! IT WAS STILL REVOLVING—SHE WAS DEAD...THEN I SAW HIM IN THE WINGS!

I KNOW WHO IT WAS, BUT I WANT IT FROM YOUR LIPS!



MY BROTHER, SANDERS! HE HATED OUR HAPPINESS! WHEN HE KILLED HER HE KNEW THAT HE HAD DESTROYED ME, TOO!

WHY, THAT'S CRAZY—YOUR BROTHER COULDN'T THROW A KNIFE—HIS ARMS ARE PARALYZED!



OH, COULDN'T HE? WATCH, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW WITH THIS LETTER OPENER!



GREAT SCOTT! HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH!

WELL, FOR PETE'S SAKE, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT—NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!



OPERATOR, YOU MUST GET THAT CALL THROUGH TO THE GOVERNOR AT ONCE—IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

SANDERS WAS MY BROTHER, FATHER AND MOTHER ALL IN ONE! HE WAS ALWAYS KIND AND GOOD UNTIL I MARRIED ROSE—THEN HIS LOVE TURNED TO HATE!

I PITIED HIM FOR HIS JEALOUSY! NOW YOU SEE WHY I WOULD HAVE DIED TO SHIELD HIM!

THAT MUST BE THE GOVERNOR NOW! GRAB IT, WARDEN!

RRRINGG

IT'S THE PRISON... WHO?...HELLO, WARDEN! I'M LISTENING—YES, YES...

HE DID? I'LL ORDER A STAY OF EXECUTION AT ONCE! YES, LOOVER'S HERE! WHO WANTS HIM? OH, C. B., SURE! I'LL PUT HIM ON!

HI, C. B., GO AHEAD! I GET IT—UH, HUH? WELL, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD!

SANDERS, YOUR PLEAS WEREN'T IN VAIN—I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU! YOUR BROTHER IS FULLY PARDONED!

WHAT? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THIS IS GOOD NEWS!

BUT NOT FOR YOU, SANDERS! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF ROSE RADOR!

I HATED HIM! I HATED HIM EVER SINCE HE MARRIED HER! SHE WAS MINE BUT HE TOOK HER FROM ME—I SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM, TOO!

TAKE THIS RAT OUT OF HERE, LOOVER! THANK GOODNESS HIS BROTHER TALKED IN TIME!


READY, MISS JONES? DEAR CRIMEBUSTER—ONCE AGAIN I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT YOU WERE RIGHT—OH, NO, START AGAIN—TEAR THAT UP!

BASEBALL TEST

ARE YOU A BIG LEAGUER OR A BUSH LEAGUER? HOW'S YOUR BASEBALL I.Q.? PLAY BALL—SEE WHAT YOUR BATTING AVERAGE WILL BE! CHECK EACH QUESTION A, B, OR C, THEN TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN—AND DON'T LET THE PICTURES FOOL YOU!

1. THE GREATEST PLACE HITTER OF ALL TIME USED TO SAY, "I'LL HIT 'EM WHERE THEY AIN'T!" HE WAS...

- A...BABE RUTH.
- B...WEE WILLIE KELLER.
- C...MICKY COCHRANE.



2. THE ABOVE GRIP WILL RESULT IN A PITCH KNOWN AS A...

- A...SCREW BALL.
- B...FAST BALL.
- C...KNUCKLE BALL.



3. THE BATTER JUMPS UPON THE PLATE TO AVOID A CURVE, THINKING THE BALL WAS STRAIGHT. HE IS HIT BY THE BALL, WHICH WOULD HAVE BEEN A STRIKE. WHAT SHOULD THE UMPIRE DO? A...CALL IT A STRIKE, ANYWAY. B...SEND THE BATTER TO FIRST. C...TELL THE PITCHER TO REPEAT THE PITCH.



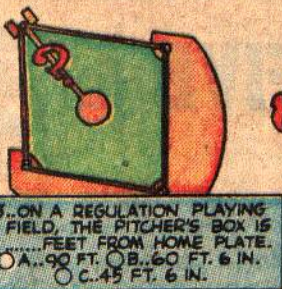
4. THE AMERICAN LEAGUE WAS ESTABLISHED IN...

- A...1901
- B...1871
- C...1911



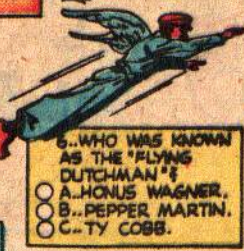
5. ON A REGULATION PLAYING FIELD, THE PITCHER'S BOX IS FEET FROM HOME PLATE.

- A...90 FT.
- B...60 FT. 6 IN.
- C...45 FT. 6 IN.

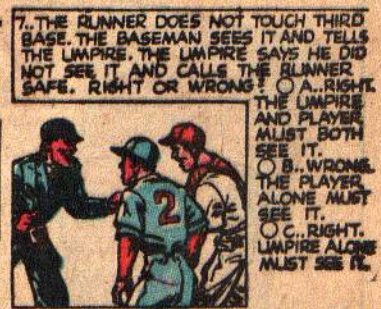


6. WHO WAS KNOWN AS THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN"?

- A...HONUS WAGNER.
- B...PEPPER MARTIN.
- C...TY COBB.



7. THE RUNNER DOES NOT TOUCH THIRD BASE. THE BASEMAN SEES IT AND TELLS THE UMPIRE. THE UMPIRE SAYS HE DID NOT SEE IT AND CALLS THE RUNNER SAFE. RIGHT OR WRONG? A...RIGHT. THE UMPIRE AND PLAYER MUST BOTH SEE IT. B...WRONG. THE PLAYER ALONE MUST SEE IT. C...RIGHT. UMPIRE ALONE MUST SEE IT.



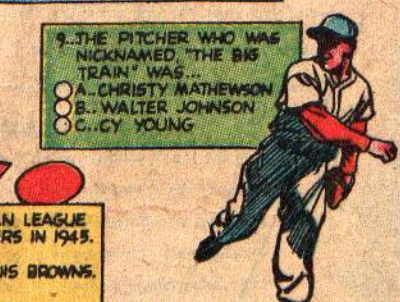
8. THE RED SOX WON THE AMERICAN LEAGUE PENNANT IN 1946. THE DETROIT TIGERS IN 1945. WHICH TEAM WON IT IN 1944?

- A...NEW YORK YANKEES.
- B...ST. LOUIS BROWNS.
- C...DETROIT TIGERS.



9. THE PITCHER WHO WAS NICKNAMED "THE BIG TRAIN" WAS...

- A...CHRISTY MATHEWSON.
- B...WALTER JOHNSON.
- C...CY YOUNG.



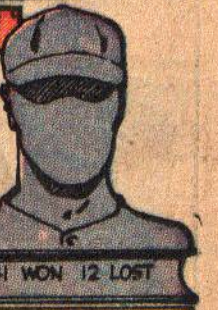
10. THE MOST GAMES WON BY A PITCHER IN ONE SEASON IN BOTH THE NATIONAL AND AMERICAN LEAGUES SINCE 1901, WAS THE RECORD OF 41 GAMES WON, 12 LOST, COMPILED BY...

- A...WALTER JOHNSON, WASHINGTON SENATORS.
- B...JOE MCGINNITY, NEW YORK GIANTS.
- C...JACK CHESBRO, NEW YORK YANKEES.



BASEBALL HALL OF FAME

41 WON 12 LOST



ANSWERS:
 (1)-B (2)-A (3)-B (4)-A (5)-B (6)-C (7)-C (8)-C (9)-B (10)-C

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STAMP PAGE by SIDNEY M. ELIAS

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Although Brazil produces two-thirds of the world's supply of coffee, approximately two billion pounds annually, many other nations located in Central and South America also produce millions of pounds annually. Colombia, with 325 million pounds per year is the second largest producer of coffee. The Colombians have for a number of years issued regular postage and air mail stamps featuring coffee

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BLIND JUSTICE

A DAREDEVIL STORY

"YOU mean to say that *she* killed this man?" Inspector Crandell stared incredulously across the large study at the tiny blond girl who was hopelessly attempting to wipe the film from her heavy glasses as she sobbed brokenly.

"It—it's a terrible thing I must do when I tell you, Inspector—but it is true," answered Ivan Besedin. "My wife, Anna, killed Mel Arlen right here where you see his body. I saw her do it. And when I explain to you why, you will see that the reason is even more terrible."

As Besedin spoke, *Daredevil* glanced quickly around the richly furnished room, fixing every detail firmly in his mind as he listened.

In the center of the room was a large, gleaming desk, the top of which was quite bare—except for the head and arms of the dead man. The body of Mel Arlen had fallen forward in the chair he had been sitting in, almost as if he had gone to sleep leaning on his arms. From where *Daredevil* stood, he could see the small round hole in the back of Arlen's huge head, and the area of burned hair surrounding it. Even in death, Arlen's size was apparent. He had been almost a giant of a man.

To the left of the body was the door through which they had entered, leading from the hall. Arlen had been facing the wall against which, in lonely grandeur, stood a huge grand piano. Behind him was a windowless wall covered with priceless tapestry, and to the body's right, opposite the entrance, *Daredevil* caught a glimpse of a mirror against the wall and clothes hanging in what was evidently a dressing room.

Daredevil turned to watch Besedin. The famous conductor's eyes seemed huge and strange behind his thick glasses. As he spoke, he nervously fingered a large white bandage on his temple, just in front of his left ear, which caused the earpiece of his glasses on that side to bulge slightly.

"You see, gentlemen," Besedin was saying slowly, "Mel Arlen was my wife's lover!"

"And if that is so," answered Crandell, "what's to keep us from assuming that you shot him in a jealous rage?"

Besedin grunted contemptuously. "Bah! Why should I bother? It is not important to me. My

love is music! I only wish he had taken her away with him!"

"Let's get down to facts, Mr. Besedin," interrupted *Daredevil*. "You say you saw your wife shoot Arlen. How did that happen?"

"It is simple," answered the musician. "We were sitting at the desk there, planning my next concert tour. Arlen was my manager—otherwise I did not associate with him. Anna kept interrupting, though she does not usually have anything to say about my affairs. She seemed to be trying to provoke a quarrel with Arlen, but he ignored her. Finally she left the room in a rage. She must have taken the gun you have in your hand, Inspector, from the top drawer of the desk. That is where it is usually kept."

"Please don't get ahead of the story," said *Daredevil* quietly.

"I am sorry," answered Besedin, his eyes denying his words. "Anyhow, just after she left the room, I decided to change this bandage. I had run into a sharp corner of a music stand at the concert hall yesterday. I misplaced my glasses, and can see nothing without them. I went into the dressing room there, and was standing in front of the mirror, working on the bandage—when I saw it!" The conductor pounded the desk dramatically.

"Saw what, Mr. Besedin?" Crandell's voice was dry with repressed annoyance.

"Why, the murder, of course!" Besedin turned and pointed an accusing finger at his sobbing wife. "There she stood in the doorway from the hall, with the gun in her hand. She looked around, but evidently did not see me in the dressing room. I watched her in the mirror, too petrified to move. Arlen was bent forward over the desk, resting his head in his hands, and did not see her. With no hesitation whatsoever, she turned the gun towards him and fired. Then, before I could move, she quickly wiped the gun on her skirt, threw it on the floor, and ran out. I rushed to Arlen, but I think he was already dead. And then, brazenly, Anna came running back in, pretending not to know what had happened and fainted at the sight of the body! Well, then I called the police and the rest you know."

Daredevil noted that the girl's sobs had stopped.

He glanced at her, and found her staring in horrible fascination at her husband as he talked.

Turning quickly back to Besedin, *Daredevil* asked, "And I suppose you can supply us with a motive, too?"

Besedin shrugged. "Of course. What could be simpler? He had tired of her, and it was too much for her small pride to handle."

The girl's reaction was what *Daredevil* had hoped for. Anger snapped her out of her shock and she sprang to her feet. "You—you monster! That's a lie! He loved me! I know he did." And then her voice broke as her eyes fell on the still form at the desk. "Why—why should I kill him? Why?"

Besedin's angry retort was cut short by *Daredevil's* swift order. "Mr. Besedin, will you please step out for a few minutes—wait downstairs until we call you? No—don't say any more. You may talk all you like later."

As the conductor marched angrily through the door opened by one of Crandell's men, *Daredevil* turned to the girl. "Now, Mrs. Besedin, if you'll try to be calm and help us, perhaps we can help you. Tell us your version of what happened."

The girl took a deep breath and answered, "It is very much as he said. Only there was no quarrel. I simply left the room because I was bored with the details of the concert tour. I was in my bedroom doing nothing when I heard the shot. I rushed in, and fainted at the sight of—of Mel. When I came to, you were here and I could hardly believe I was conscious when I heard the story my husband was telling."

"Then you don't know who killed Arlen?"

"No—I think Ivan did it, but I don't know, really. I do know he's insanely jealous." The girl took off her glasses and tossed them on a table. "Well, anyway, I guess I won't need these any more." *Daredevil* looked puzzled, and she smiled faintly as she said, "I don't need them, Ivan made me wear them simply because he had to wear glasses."

Suddenly *Daredevil* grinned. "Thank you, Mrs. Besedin. I don't think you have anything to worry about. Will you go and tell your husband to come in?"

As the girl's footsteps clattered down the long, ornate flight of stairs outside the library door, Crandell turned to *Daredevil* with a shrug. "Well, this is going to be a tough one. All we've got is a gun with no prints, and their testimony against each other."

"Guess again, Crandell," said *Daredevil*. "We've got plenty. The girl gave me the key to the whole thing. Now listen, when Besedin comes in, you do this—"

Besedin smiled easily as he stepped into the dressing room. "Of course, I will be glad to show you what I was doing when I saw the murder," he said in answer to *Daredevil's* question. He placed himself before the mirror. "I was standing like

this, just about to place a new bandage on my face—"

"You had already taken the old one off?"

"Yes. And just as I raised it like this, I saw her come in."

"I see," said *Daredevil* easily. "Oh, I suppose you had to take your glasses off, didn't you?"

Besedin grinned. "Oh, of course, if you are interested in such small details." He removed his glasses, placing them on a small shelf near the mirror. "I put them there, and then I started to place the bandage—"

"What do you see in the mirror now, Mr. Besedin?" *Daredevil's* voice was cold.

Besedin's face froze. He reached for the glasses, but *Daredevil* beat him to it. "What do you see? You didn't have the glasses on then. You just told me so. There's someone in the doorway now, Mr. Besedin. Is it your wife? Who do you see?"

Besedin whirled and crouched back against the tiny sink under the mirror. Across the study Crandell stood in the doorway, holding the murder weapon in his hand.

"The person standing there has that same gun in his hand, Besedin," continued *Daredevil* implacably. "The gun you used to kill Arlen with. Do you see your wife standing there with the gun in her hand? Is it your wife, Besedin?"

The pressure was too much for the conductor's strained nerves. "Take her away," he screamed. "Take her away! I'll tell you—but don't let her shoot me. I did it—but don't let her shoot me when I can't even see!"

Crandell grinned across the room at *Daredevil*. "Nice going. I'll go down and get the boys."

Daredevil followed Besedin to where he leaned brokenly against the piano. "You see, Besedin, I knew she couldn't have shot him from the doorway as you said, when I saw the powder burns on the back of his head. But I had to find a quick way of getting it out of you."

"It—it doesn't matter," Besedin's voice was a whisper. "She—was leaving me. I don't care what happens now. But—but let me get my glasses, please! I'm so helpless."

Daredevil turned and started for the dressing room. "I'll get them for you." He spun on his heel as the thud of running feet sounded behind him, just in time to see Besedin careen off of the door jamb as he raced through into the hall. Shaking his head in disgust, *Daredevil* started after him. As he reached the door, the thunder of Besedin's feet descending the stairs suddenly ended in a splintering crash, followed by a gurgling scream and then silence.

As *Daredevil* reached the head of the stairs, Crandell's voice came up to him from below. "No hurry, *Daredevil*. He's out on the sidewalk, three stories down. Guess he didn't see the turn on the stairs. Went right out through this big window on the landing."

THE END.

WHAT IS **DAREDEVIL** MADE OF?



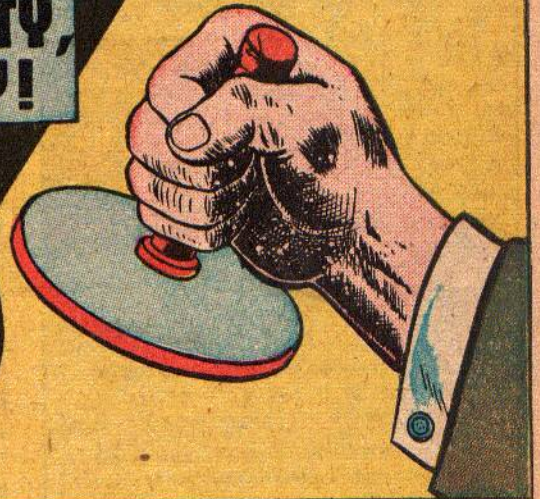
**BROTHERHOOD, COURAGE AND
TRUTH-AND THE FIRE OF YOUTH!**

WHAT'S A **CRIMINAL** MADE OF?

**LIES, HATE AND VULGARITY,
DECEIT AND BRUTALITY!**



**THE TWO
WILL NEVER
COMPROMISE**



WHEN YOU
WANT THE BEST
IN ENTERTAINMENT AND
THAT GOES FOR ANYTHING
AND EVERYTHING ON
THE NEWSSTANDS, IT'S
DAREDEVIL,
BOY AND CRIME
DOES NOT PAY
HANDS DOWN!
THERE IS NO
COMPROMISE!

DAREDEVIL COMICS IS
TOPS AND I OUGHT TO
KNOW. MY CLUB TOOK
A VOTE THE OTHER
DAY AND DAREDEVIL
WON 9 TO 1.

SINCERELY YOURS
RAYMOND CESAITIS
TEDWARD ST.
WORCESTER, MASS.

To * Wood
Four out of five
in our club liked
Daredevil comics
best. Keep up the
Splendid work.
Respectfully yours,
Charles McPartlin, Jr.
1825 Kimball St.
Brooklyn 10, N.Y.

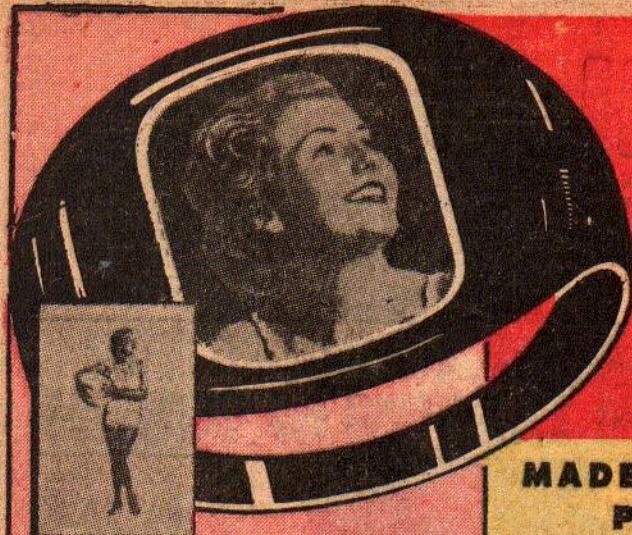
42 Cambridge St.
Revere, Mass.

Dear Sirs:
With all of the boys
around here, it's
Daredevil, four to one.

Sincerely yours,
Alphonse Ambrosino

SALEM, WEST VIRGINIA
DEAR EDITORS:
OUR CLUB VOTED FOR
THE MOST POPULAR COMIC,
AND DAREDEVIL GOT IT,
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 Ring size.....

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Check here if you wish ring hand tinted in natural colors, 25c extra

Ship "True-Lovers" Bridal Set.....\$3.75
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Address.....

City..... State.....

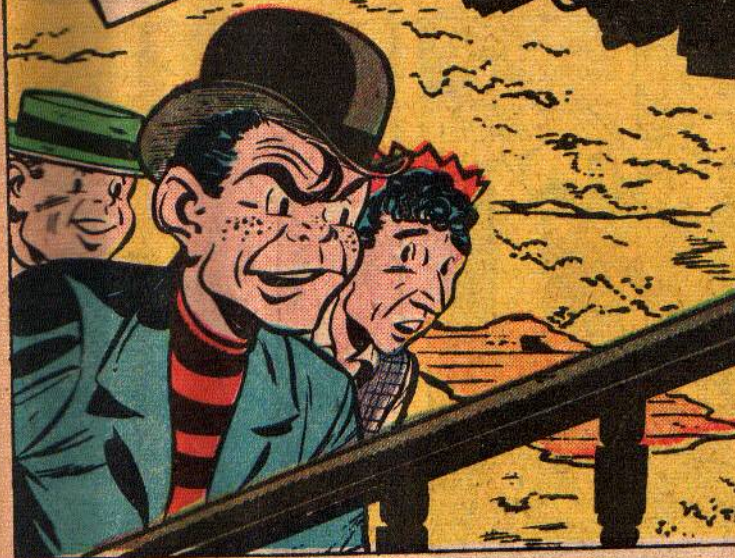
BE SURE TO GIVE RING SIZES. USE THIS CHART!



LITTLE

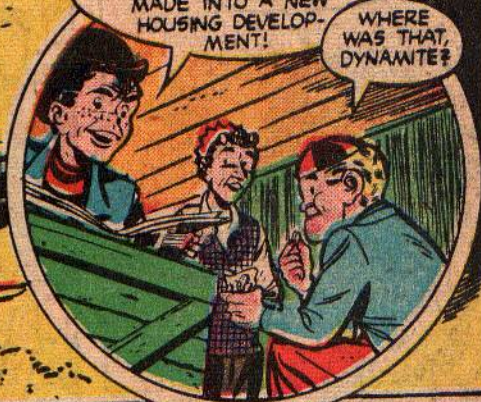
DYNAMITE

LITTLE DYNAMITE AND HIS PALS NEVER REALLY LOOK FOR TROUBLE, BUT SELDOM AVOID IT! FOR EXAMPLE, IN THIS STORY THAT FOLLOWS, ALL THEY STARTED TO DO WAS VISIT THEIR OLD NEIGHBORHOOD!



HEY, CHICK, LOOK WHAT IT SAYS HERE IN THE PAPER! OUR OLD NEIGHBORHOOD IS GONNA BE TORN DOWN AND MADE INTO A NEW HOUSING DEVELOPMENT!

WHERE WAS THAT, DYNAMITE?



OVER ON HOGAN STREET NEAR THE RIVER, PEANUTS! CHICK AND I LIVED THERE BEFORE WE KNEW YOU!

YEAH, WE SURE HAD FUN IN THOSE DAYS, EH, DYNAMITE?



YOU BET—SAY, WHY DON'T WE GO TAKE A LOOK AT THE PLACE FER OLD TIMES SAKE, CHICK! I'D KINDA LIKE TO SEE IT ONCE MORE! WANTA COME WITH US, PEANUTS?

SWELL, AN' LET'S TAKE BARNEY ALONG, ALSO! HE LIVED OVER THERE, TOO!

SURE—BE RIGHT WITH YOU!



HEY, BARNEY, THEY'RE TEARING DOWN OUR OLD TENEMENT OVER ON HOGAN STREET! WE'RE GOIN' OVER THERE FOR A LAST LOOK AT THE JOINT—WANNA COME ALONG?

SURE, WHY NOT—LET'S GET GOIN'! SEE YA LATER, JOE!

S'LONG, BARNEY!





YOU KNOW, I FEEL SORRY FOR THAT GUY, JOE! HIS GIRL, MOLLY, JUST JILTED HIM FOR A STUPID LITTLE STUFFED SHIRT, PETE SCANLON, WHO DOES NOTHING BUT SPOUT AIR!



I KNOW SCANLON! WHILE JOE WAS IN THE FRONT LINES FIGHTING, HE WAS BEHIND A DESK IN WASHINGTON, BUT TO HEAR HIM TALK— YOU'D THINK HE WON THE WAR ALL BY HIMSELF!



THAT'S RIGHT—AN' JOE'S TOO MODEST TO TALK ABOUT WHAT HE DID! POOR JOE HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO LINE UP A GOOD JOB, WHILE SCANLON JUST GRABBED UP A GOOD SET-UP IN A BROKER'S OFFICE THROUGH A RICH UNCLE OF HIS!



YOU'D THINK A NICE DAME LIKE MOLLY WOULD SEE THROUGH A PHONEY AND NOT FALL FOR HIS HOOEY! JOE'S SIX TIMES THE GUY PETE IS!



HOW DO YA LIKE THAT? THEY GOT HOGAN STREET ROPED OFF!

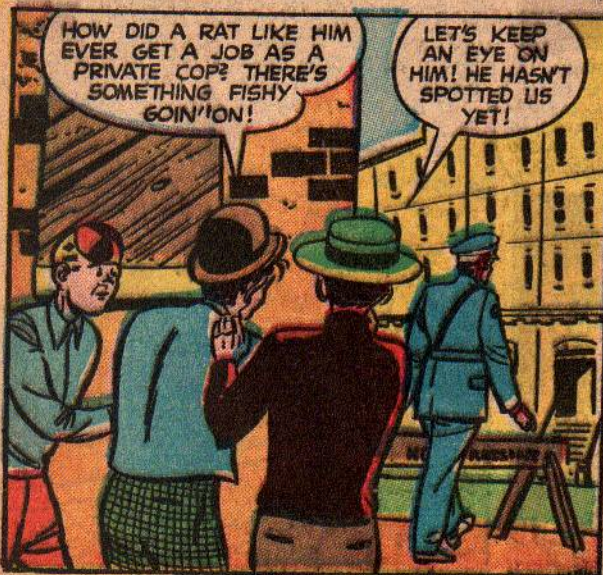
LET'S SNEAK IN, ANYWAY! NO-BODY'LL SEE US!

WAIT A MINUTE!



THEY GOT A PRIVATE PATROL TO KEEP PEOPLE OUT! HEY, AM I SEEIN' THINGS? THAT PRIVATE COP THERE— WHY, IT'S SKEETS COLIN!

WAIT, BARNEY, DON'T LET HIM SEE US!



HOW DID A RAT LIKE HIM EVER GET A JOB AS A PRIVATE COP? THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOIN' ON!

LET'S KEEP AN EYE ON HIM! HE HASN'T SPOTTED US YET!



HE'S ONE OF THE CROOKEDST GUYS I EVER KNEW—I'LL BET SOMETHING'S COOKING!

LET'S COME BACK TONIGHT AN' SEE IF WE CAN FIND OUT ANYTHING!

LOOKIT, FELLERS, I'D LIKE TO GO, BUT I GOT A DATE TO MEET JOE! WE'RE GOING TO LISTEN TO THAT RADIO CRIME SHOW AT NINE TONIGHT!

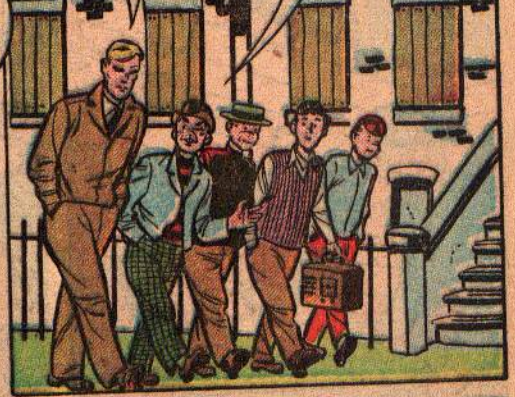
AW, WHY DON'T YA COME ALONG! SAY—THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA...

...BRING JOE ALONG WITH' YOU! I'LL TAKE MY POP'S PORTABLE RADIO ALONG AND YOU CAN STILL HEAR THE CRIME SHOW!

OKAY, SWELL! I'LL PICK UP JOE AND MEET YOU HERE AT EIGHT!

THE WHOLE THING SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME! YOU DON'T KNOW FOR SURE THAT THIS SKEETS GUY HASN'T REFORMED?

THERE'S A CHANCE, JOE, BUT I DOUBT IT! WHY, WHEN I KNEW SKEETS, HE'D EVEN STEAL FROM HIS OWN MOTHER!



HEY, LOOK! WHAT'S HE CARRYIN' GROCERIES FOR WHILE HE'S ON DUTY?

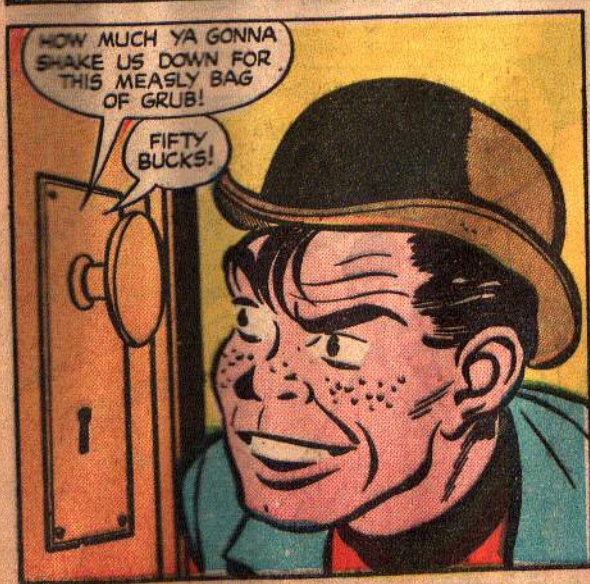
I DUNNO, BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE HIM A CROOK!



329—IT'S THE SAME BUILDING WE SAW HIM GO INTO BEFORE! LET'S FOLLOW HIM—I'LL GO IN FIRST!



HIDE OUT DOWN THERE WHILE I SNEAK UPSTAIRS—I HEAR VOICES UP THERE!



HOW MUCH YA GONNA SHAKE US DOWN FOR THIS MEASLY BAG OF GRUB!

FIFTY BUCKS!



FIFTY BUCKS FER A LOAF OF BREAD AN' THIS OTHER JUNK? ARE YOU CRAZY, SKEETS?

NOT AT ALL! LOOK AT THE RISK I'M RUNNING— HIDING YOU OUT HERE! AS A MATTER OF FACT...



...FROM NOW ON IT'S GOING TO COST YOU A GRAND A WEEK TO HIDE OUT IN THIS JOINT!

A GRAND FOR THIS DUMP— WHY, YOU DIRTY BLACK-MAILER!



TAKE IT EASY, LOU!

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'RE A SMART APPLE, TRIGGER— IF YA KILL ME, LOU, WHO'LL BRING YER GRUB? AN' IF I DON'T PUNCH THE TIME CLOCK IN TWENTY MINUTES, THIS WHOLE SECTION WILL BE SWARMIN' WITH COPS! BETTER PAY UP AND SHUT UP!



I'M IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT, SEE! YOU GOT SEVENTY GRAND ON THAT BANK STICK-UP AND EVERY COPPER IN TOWN IS LOOKIN' FOR THE THREE OF YOU— YOU NEED THIS HIDE-OUT AN' I'LL KEEP IT SAFE FOR YA, PROVIDIN' YA PLAY BALL WITH ME!



OKAY, HERE YOU ARE— THAT MAKES SIX AND A HALF GRAND WE'VE PAID YA ALREADY! IT'S NOTHIN' BUT A CHEAP SHAKE-DOWN!

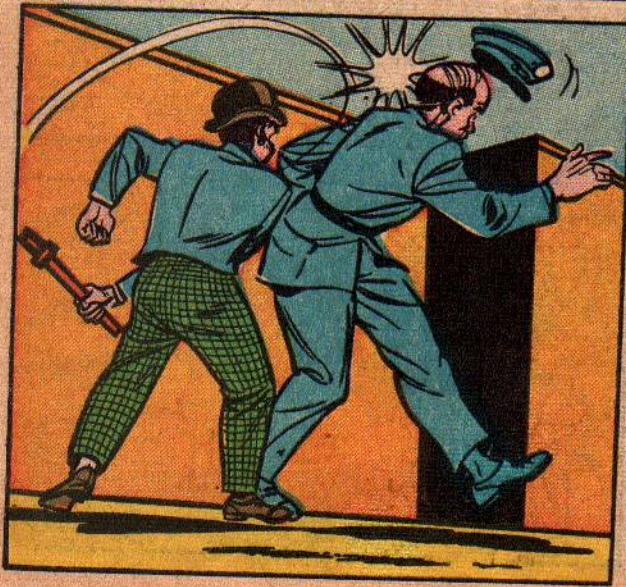
QUIT BELLY-ACHIN' OR I'LL RAISE THE ANTE! I'LL BE BACK IN THE MORN-ING WITH COFFEE FOR YA— SEE YA THEN!



SKEETS AIN'T GONNA BE SATISFIED TILL HE GETS THE WHOLE SEVENTY GRAND FROM US!

WE GOTTA STRING ALONG A LITTLE WHILE LONGER! THE MINUTE THE COAST IS CLEAR WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM AND PROBABLY GET OUR DOUGH BACK!

MAYBE-IF HE DON'T DOUBLE-CROSS US FIRST!



FOR THE LOVE OF PETE, WHY'D YOU KNOCK HIM OUT? NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW! GET INTO HIS UNIFORM, QUICK, JOE, AND WALK OUT OF THE BUILD-ING AN' DOWN THE BLOCK, THEN SNEAK BACK AROUND THE SIDE WAY!



WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, DYNAMITE?

SKEETS HAS OUT THAT BANK ROBBER! COPS HAVIN' LOOKIN' FOR, UPSTAIRS IF THEY DON'T SEE SOMEONE LEAVE, THEY'LL GET SUSPICIOUS!



ALL KILLERS— DON'T RISK JUST WE GOTTA! WHAT YOU GOT, PEANUTS?



IT'S FIVES MINUTES OF NINE! WHAT'S THE TIME GOT TO DO WITH IT?

THAT CRIME SHOW GOES ON AT NINE— THE INTRODUCTION TO THE SHOW IS ALWAYS THE SAME, AN' TONIGHT IT'S GONNA HELP US CATCH THOSE GUYS!



HUH? HOW'S A RADIO SHOW GONNA...

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS— JUST DO AS I SAY! PEANUTS, YOU TAKE THE RADIO UP TO THE HALL WINDOW ON THE SECOND FLOOR FRONT! WE'LL MEET YOU THERE IN A MINUTE!



YOU JUST GOT BACK IN TIME— COME ON UPSTAIRS! I HOPE YA FEEL LIKE A SCRAP, JOE!

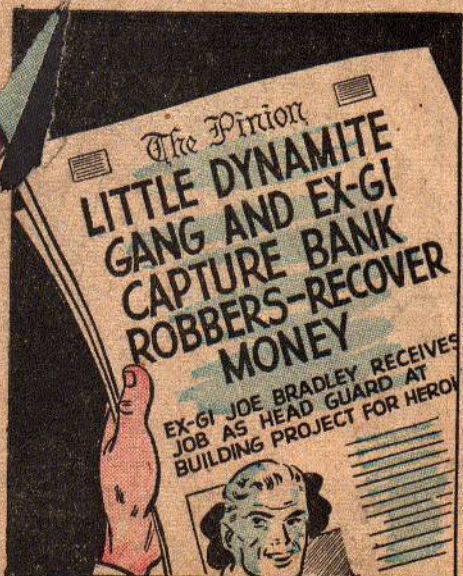
SURE THING— LET'S GO!



REMEMBER— GIVE 'EM A GOOD MINUTE BEFORE WE BUST IN!



WEEEEE
HERE'S THE PLACE, MEN! SURROUND THE BUILDING!



the end